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TRAITS AND TRADITIONS

OF

PORTUGAL.

COLLECTED DURING A RESIDENCE IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1833.

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TRAITS AND TRADITIONS

OF

PORTUGAL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LEIRIA.

We were escorted into Leiria by a party of gentlemen who rode out to meet us; and who, after greeting us with a hearty "*Viva*," accompanied us for a considerable distance bareheaded, before they could be induced to resume their hats. The city still bore the traces of violence and ruin which were entailed on it by the French during the Peninsular war; and which the inhabitants had lacked the means, or the energy, to obliterate. It was nevertheless one of the prettiest

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towns which I saw in the country: the *Roscio* very spacious, and beautifully situated; the cathedral stately and imposing; and the public hospital creditable alike to the liberality and the good feeling of the towns-people. The city is surrounded by beautifully swelling hills, many of them clothed with vines, and forming lovely little valleys, gay with *Quintas* and gardens: and one or two crowned with a small chapel, its tall stone cross cutting sharply against the clear blue sky. But the finest object in the neighbourhood is the ruin of a Moorish Castle, on a height which commands the town; it is built, as it were, upon a pile of rocky fragments thrown together; and the effect is altogether very striking. There is a tradition in the country that an adventurous peasant, having discovered during his wanderings, some hidden entrance to the caverns of the rock, ventured his life to gratify his curiosity, and passed a very magnificent evening with Boabdil and his court; but found himself, when morning dawned, lying upon the turf at the base of the rock; and after seeking in vain to find the aperture by which he had entered on the previ-

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ous night, went home to his family, and told them this adventure, which soon becoming public, the peasant got laughed at for his belief in a wild dream engendered by wine and superstition. Be it as it may, however, "*A noite do rustico*"* is still talked of among the people.

During our stay at Leiria, an officer of the Tenth Regiment was buried amid the ruins. I shall never forget the effect of the wailing and melancholy sounds of the military music, as they came mournfully down into the valley in the grey dawn, swelling and sinking in the uncertain wind; while he was borne "slowly and sadly" to his last, long home. The funeral service was scarcely performed when the morning sun burst gloriously through the receding mists, and its first golden beams fell broad and bright upon the soldier's grave—truly might it be said of him as it was elsewhere beautifully said of Sir John Moore, that when the funeral train moved slowly from beside his grave "they left him alone in his glory!" The stately ruins amid which his comrades had dug his grave—reliques of the olden time, whose

* The peasant's night.

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only history was tradition—the magnificent scene, which far as the eye could reach, spread out in luxury and beauty, the river quivering in silver beneath the light, and the rich foliage of the forest trees, sparkling, as the night-dew fell like diamond drops from the wind-shaken boughs, while over all the clear bright sky spread its glittering blue, blent with ten thousand glorious tints caught from the newly-risen sun—all these collectively presented a picture I should think seldom equalled, and probably never surpassed.

A priest was pointed out to me in this city who had been hung by the French during the war, and saved by a peasant who chanced to be traversing the wood, and who having cut him down before life was quite extinct, had succeeded in recuscitating him. He was a gaunt, livid, cadaverous-looking man; and really bore personal testimony to the truth of the story.

A tragi-comic circumstance occurred during our residence in this place, which afforded much conversation at the time. Two British soldiers died on the same day in the hospital; the one a Protestant and the other a Catholic; the Catholic

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requested to see a priest before he died; this was of course immediately acceded to; and accordingly a priest arrived at the bedside of the dying man, when it was discovered that the soldier could not speak Portuguese enough to make himself understood; and that the confessor knew not a word of English. A third party was necessarily called in, as interpreter, who was somewhat startled when called upon to impart to the holy man the appaling fact that his penitent had committed murder! The man had always borne a very indifferent character in his regiment; but had, of course, never been suspected of so heinous a crime as this; he received absolution, however, and died. The other poor fellow had been much esteemed by his comrades, and had ever been remarked for his steadiness and good conduct; *he* had no "tale to tell," and passed away calmly, with a prayer upon his lips. An hour afterwards, the priests sent to request that the body of "the christian" might be delivered up to them, for the purpose of being interred according to the rites of his religion. The commanding officer informed his men of the circumstance, and desired them to

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state their wishes on the subject: whether the dead man should be buried by the priests, or be laid beside his comrade: the answer was unanimous—"Lay him beside his comrade;" and accordingly the two bodies were carried out of the town to an olive-grove, where several brave men had been buried during the Peninsular war, and where many new-made graves had appeared during our present sojourn. Several priests were spectators of the ceremony, which they evinced no inclination to interrupt; one of them merely asking carelessly which was the body of the Catholic. It was pointed out to him; and when the prayers were read, and the earth heaped upon the two coffins, the mournful procession departed from the place of graves.

In the night one of the bodies was disinterred, and there were lights in the cathedral for some hours. The priests had been resolved to carry their point; but they had made one slight mistake—they had exhumed the Potestant! Of course they were never informed of their error; and the poor fellow now lies in the burial-ground of the cathedral, with a small wooden cross at

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the head of his grave; while his Catholic comrade remains sleeping among braver and better men in the *Cemiterio Heretico!* *

The Episcopal Palace is a large, rambling, ill-built, comfortless pile; inconvenient and unsightly. It boasts, however, a beautiful little chapel, splendidly fitted up, and hung with very fine paintings. The Altar is profusely decorated with flowers; and surmounted by a crucifix of Brazilian wood, handsomely gilt; the figure of the Christ is finely carved in ivory, and was procured by the Bishop from China. Over the head of the Saviour is a glory, the centre formed of a diamond enriched by pale rubies, with rays of burnished silver; of which material the nails in the hand and feet are likewise made. The Sacristy belonging to the chapel is also thickly hung with paintings, but I only remember one—I could have looked on it for ever! It was a representation of our Lord after the Flagellation: he was pourtrayed in the act of crawling upon his hands and knees to lie down upon a cloak; the countenance was beyond any thing I ever

* Heretic cemetery.

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beheld, and it seemed as though one could almost see the quivering of the lacerated flesh upon the body! It must have been the produc- of a master: but no one in the palace could tell us the name of the artist.

I visited the Episcopal Library, which was in a state of the most hopeless confusion: the librarian, a sort of semi-clerical personage in appearance, but who proved to be the chaplain of the Bishop, was standing like Dominie Sampson, with uplifted hand and eyes (though not, if one might judge by the expression of his countenance, with quite so pleasurable a feeling); among a wilderness of volumes, heaped up in different directions of the apartment, like the ill-combined lots at an auction. He apologized for the disorderly appearance of the library, by informing us that the *Senhor Bispo* * had bought the books second-hand at Lisbon, whence they had but just arrived; and that neither his lordship nor himself as yet knew even the names of any of them! I had the curiosity to open two of the volumes *au hazard*—one was a Latin copy of Ovid's Me-

* Lord Bishop.

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tamorphosis, and the other an English pamphlet on the Slave Trade. The bewildered man of letters informed us, with most mirth-provoking gravity, that they were anxious to get books of some description, as the library looked so empty and cold; and that when he had arranged the new purchases to the best advantage he thought it would be *muito bonito!** He sighed, however, as he added that he should be obliged to make an inventory of the whole, which would be "great labour"—consoling himself nevertheless in the same breath, by adding that the first trouble would be final, for as no one even thought of reading the books, they would not be disturbed to create more work! What would I not give now for a peep at the inventory; if indeed it is yet completed, which I should be very far from assuming to be the case.

The Palace, and the whole of the grounds attached to it, are within the original outworks of the castle: and the gardens are entirely formed from earth carried up, with great labour and expense, from the plain which they overhang.

* Very pretty.

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They are tolerably spacious, but ill-kept, and in bad taste.

In this city I first heard a Portuguese Improvisatore, though they are by no means uncommon. I was talking from my own balcony, to a Portuguese officer who spoke very tolerable English, when this wandering minstrel came under the window, with his guitar slung round his neck; and attended by a little boy similarly accoutred. He was a good-looking man, with a bright eye and a gay smile; and a perfect master of his instrument—the twelve-stringed country guitar; and after playing a lively symphony to which his attendant contributed an excellent second, he sang in a soft, pleasant voice, a stanza, of which I was the subject; when this was concluded, he turned to the opposite balcony, and apostrophised his military countryman; and then, with considerable archness, he favoured us with a third verse, in which he shadowed out our future fortunes in a manner as vexatious as it was laughable. I threw some silver to him as a dismissal, but he remained firmly at his post, until he had given us a few more specimens of his talent:

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concluding his exhibition by "God save the King" with Portuguese words.

I made many attempts to gain admittance into the convent of *Santa Anna*, in the great square, but could never penetrate beyond the grate. The order was miserably poor, but somewhat rigid; and many of the nuns, who all conversed freely with me, and even urged me to visit them more frequently, were sensible and courteous women. I was much joked by one of the canons of the cathedral, who visited us nearly every day, on my propensity for seeing religious houses. "*Crea-me*,* *vossa Senhoria*," he used to say, "there cannot be anything to repay you for the visit—you will never see a pretty woman in a convent—*tenho isso por certo*." † I proved afterwards, however, that the good priest was in error on that point, or, at least, affected to be so.

Two or three years before we visited Leiria, a man made his appearance there, and took possession of a ruined chapel on an eminence beyond the town. He did not seem to be more

* Believe me, lady. † I am certain of that.

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than four or five-and-twenty years of age; of a tall, powerful figure, but extremely coarse and forbidding both in person and manner. He began by repairing the chapel with great assiduity, never making his appearance in Leiria until twilight, when he begged from the pious to enable him to complete the work which he had commenced. The very singularity of the circumstance assisted the speculation; and in the course of a year, not only the chapel, but also two small rooms attached to it, were, by his own individual industry, perfectly renovated. He then took up his abode in one of the cell-like apartments, the door of which he never fastened during his wanderings over the country, which were frequent and distant; thus leaving his dwelling open to the scrutiny of every one who might be curious enough to visit it in his absence: but to the other room he alone had ingress, as it was ever closed with the most jealous care.

He had resided thus upwards of two years; noted for his piety, his nightly vigils, and his voluntary seclusion, when he was accidentally recognized by a priest who visited Leiria, as a

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reprobate monk who for some heavy crime had been expelled from his monastery: he was nevertheless, and with some justice, suffered to remain undisturbed in the home which he had formed for himself.

I have seen this hermit frequently in the twilight, stealing, rather than walking, along the streets of Leiria; crouching closely under the walls of the houses, with his little basket in his hand, to receive the donations of the charitable; but he had ceased to beg on the completion of the chapel, and he had now established a sort of claim to the assistance of the pious, for which he always returned a prayer; he never spoke to any one, save in the language of rapid and laconic thanksgiving; and it was clearly understood by his benefactors that he did not seek or wish for money; oil and food were consequently all that were offered to him, and for these he ever returned a similar acknowledgment. The apartment in which he lived was scrupulously clean, but he was himself disgustingly dirty: I verily believe that he knew water only as a beverage! He was always clad in a monastic gown of very coarse

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gray serge, girt round his waist by a discipline, or thick cord; and his beard fell far below it, matted and unsightly. His hair was equally unconscious of the comb or the scissors, and was dragged behind his ears, that it might not impede his sight. He was always bare-headed and bare-footed, and never wore linen. He was decidedly the greatest impostor, or the most utter fanatic, that can be conceived.

We were at Leiria on the anniversary of the saint to whom the hermitage was dedicated, and at night nothing could have been more beautiful than the effect produced by his method of illuminating the building. He surrounded it on all sides with piles of dry sticks, in collecting which he was assisted by the boys of the neighbourhood; who, for a day or two previously, had gathered large quantities in the wood behind the town, and placed it near the chapel for the use of the recluse. About nine o'clock in the evening, I was informed that the illumination would take place, and I accordingly walked to the river side to witness it. The scene was striking beyond description: I was standing in the soft

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light of the moon, beside a fine willow which dipped its long, graceful, weeping branches into the very stream; the fire-flies were flitting and flashing, like jewelled dust; and the calm, sweet river itself, flowing with a gentle, whispering sound upon its way. Before me rose the steep hill on which the hermitage was seated; the outline of the building clearly defined as the flames rose and sank around it. The tall cross on the chapel roof gleaming white and dazzling; and the large flag at its base flying broad and bright in the night-breeze. At times the flame deadened, and the tall, dark figure of the recluse was seen flitting from point to point to feed the exhausted fires, when again the tongues of flame rose high into the air, and were reflected by the river-wave, as their light came far and fierce across the valley. If he indeed were an impostor, this man of mystery had cast a sublimity even over his sin.

I have now told my story; but I am sorry to be obliged to mar its effect by confessing that, before we left the city, this self-constituted hermit had become as social and loquacious as any other

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religieux in the neighbourhood; the policy of this change was decidedly bad, whatever might be the feeling which induced it, as the hermit lost much of his popularity when he divested himself of his eccentricity. The people were all enthusiastic in his cause when he first established himself in the neighbourhood; but he had sunk into a mere monk long before our departure from Leiria; distinguishable only by his dirtiness.

We were one day dining with a friend, when the Tenth Portuguese Infantry marched into the town. They were a very fine-looking, soldier-like set of men, and a great number of them were quartered in the street in which our friend resided. We were much amused by watching their arrangements: and still more so, when, after taking possession of their billets, and cleaning their accoutrements, footsore as they were, they turned out in parties, and commenced playing at various games; and those, many of them, so singular as to collect around them a considerable crowd. One man in particular attracted our attention; he was a corporal: a

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very handsome young man, of about six feet in height; and with a long stick he was playing such antics that it was impossible not to remark him. He imitated every description of instrument so exactly, that we at length sent for him into the house to exhibit his skill more nearly. He was no whit abashed, and amused us for nearly an hour. When he had concluded his exhibition, he told us that he was the fugleman of the regiment, and that he had the honour of drilling Dom Pedro. How true this story might be, it were difficult to determine; but he was certainly a very fine, and a very active fellow. He left us with a few *Crusado Novos** in his pocket, and a profusion of compliments. One rather numerous party were performing a species of farce, in which their powers of pleasantry seemed to be fully developed, if there were any judging by the peals of laughter which occasionally, and by no means infrequently, burst from the crowd. The history of this exceeding facetiousness was soon made public: for the following morning, after the regiment had marched, it was discover-

* A coin equivalent to half a crown.

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ed that, while these merry groups were amusing the good people of the neighbourhood, a "foraging party" of their no less active comrades were helping themselves to every thing on which they could lay their hands; and many of the inhabitants, if their own account might be credited, had seldom paid so high a price for an evening's amusement.

One morning, while residing in this city, we were startled at an early hour, by a cry of fire; and soon ascertained that it was but three doors from us, round the corner of another street. The scene was singular; the little square or rather *triangle* in which we lived was soon filled with British soldiers; and shortly afterwards the crowd was increased by general officers, staff-officers, and officers of every description. Then came the *dessur des cartes*:—ladies at their windows *á demi mises*, muffled in the everlasting *manto* of coarse dark cloth—*Donnas* who thenceforth lost half their charms when too tenacious memories recalled their looks that day: and beaux with the last yawn of half-

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awakened drowsiness yet quivering about their lips. Of course, the inhabitants ran about most zealously, shrieking out "Jesus" and *Aqua !** with all the power of their lungs, while the English soldiers extinguished the flames; a brave party of the Leiria militia arriving just in time to see the smoking of the ruins; for which gallant exploit they were rewarded by the local authorities with a loaf of bread and a pint of wine each man, and retired on their laurels.

I should think that few people in the world are more susceptible of kindness than the Portuguese;—appear to take an interest in their welfare, bear with their peculiarities, and indulge them in their harmless and amusing vanity, and in return they will do you every service in their power. I met with frequent instances of this, and never forgot the advice of a very clever and intelligent Lisbonese Nobleman, who, when he was consulted by a British officer, about to settle in the country, as to the best method of becoming popular among the natives, simply replied: "Laugh when they laugh, though you

* Water.

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may not comprehend the jest:—cry when they cry, or, at least, seem to do so, and trust the rest to themselves." That this was the most sensible advice which he could have given under the circumstances, there cannot be a doubt on the mind of any person who is aware of their tenacious recollection of injury, and their equal unforgivingness.

Listen to a Portuguese when he is telling you of an insult offered to him: look at his flashing eye, and hear the grinding of his clenched teeth, and you will feel at once that he is an enemy to be feared. See him, on the contrary, when he is conscious that you are striving to gratify or to amuse him, and you will be as ready to admit that he is a friend worthy to be conciliated. There is a natural joyousness in the Portuguese character which requires but slight excitement to call it forth—a word—a gesture—if they see that it is intended to promote mirth, will make their laugh ring out merrily, and their hearts warm to you at once. And then many of their expressions are so *naïve* and original, that where you are not predetermined

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to dislike them, you are sure to find some amusement in their conversation. And their English! but I will give one or two specimens, and let them speak for themselves.

A very handsome man one day called upon us to enquire whether my father would dispose of an English carriage, which we had taken out with us. I quite forget his name, but I perfectly remember his telling us that he was a Baron, and the Colonel of a militia regiment. He remained with us for a couple of hours, and on our complimenting him upon his English, in which he certainly did contrive to make himself understood, he said that speaking our language was "a great trouble" to him, but that he spoke French like a native. I immediately offered to save him the "trouble," by conversing with him in French, on which he looked rather embarrassed, but replied, with some tact, that he disliked the nation too much to tolerate their language.—Italian, however, he perfectly idolized! Here again, partly for the jest's sake, I volunteered to gratify him; and for an instant he was fairly *planté;* but he quickly recovered his self-

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possession, and, with a profound bow, declared that he could not think of paying *ladies* so bad a compliment as to converse with them in any other language than their own. I believe that I have already remarked on the very inordinate desire, which appears to be universal among the Portuguese, to be considered great linguists. The Baron accordingly continued to display his English; and at length began speaking of his family: in the course of conversation he said: "Yes, madam, we are large family; there is my brother what governs a town in the *Alemtajo*—and then there is the four young ladies which lives with my mother at *Buenos Ayres*—then there is me, what am the oldest, which makes *six brothers* of us altogether." I fear that this oration requires hearing: it certainly loses in the telling.

Another instance of their whimsical mode of expressing themselves, which arose entirely, like the preceding one, from their rendering the words of their own language literally into English, without paying sufficient attention to the sense of the translation, occurred at Leiria,

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when a gentleman who resided there mentioned to my father the inconvenience which he experienced from the fact of there not being an operator in the city who was thoroughly versed in the noble art of shaving. "But I have a nice plan;" said he, with great self-gratulation, "I will go to this fine fellow, and with me a *crusado;* and I will say to him—I'll speak but two words to you, *my chap:* do you see this big bit of silver? Oh! you do—if you shave me well, then it is not mine, it is yours: but if you make my blood, I will not pay you my beard!" I do not think that I ever laughed more heartily in my life; the pomposity of the tone, and the tenor of the words combined, were irresistible.

It was a very common occurrence for Portuguese gentlemen, whom I encountered in my rides, to request of me to pay a visit to their *Quintas*, in order to let their wives and families see me;—most of them never having previously had an opportunity of seeing an English woman; and I never had reason to regret my compliance with these extraordinary and candid invitations, beyond the temporary inconvenience to which I

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was sometimes subjected. I was anxious on my own part to see as much as I could of the people among whom I was then residing; and I always knew that wherever I had suffered myself to be thus exhibited, I had made friends, who were willing and anxious to repay the courtesy by every means in their power. I do not know which excited the greatest attention, my light hair, or my riding habit; the ladies always evinced the utmost amazement at both: my hair they were in the constant habit of letting down about my shoulders, to convince themselves that it was really the produce of my head; and they never did so without an ejaculation on discovering that the premises were *untenanted;* their own heads being, from the highest to the lowest, of the most *animated* description. I saw many very beautiful women up the country, in the manner which I have just described; the wives and daughters of noblemen, and wealthy landed proprietors, who possessed, as I was informed, more than one *muito boa Quinta;** but I universally found their hair, their teeth, and their nails, in the most

* Very fine country house.

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filthy state of neglect: and, in so far as I was individually concerned, I never saw any beauty which could counteract the effect of this unfeminine and revolting characteristic.

The peasantry are possessed of a great deal of sly humour; and even indulge it at times on the most sacred subjects, with an irreverence wholly incompatible with our English ideas of religion. I will quote one instance of this.

A rich vine-grower, not a hundred miles from Leiria, in a sudden fit of piety, built a small chapel at the meeting of four cross roads, and dedicated it to "Our Lord of the Crucifixion." A large cross, with a figure of Our Saviour nailed upon it, occupied the centre of the altar; and in order to render the work of righteousness more decidedly popular and edifying in the neighbourhood, the wood of which it was constructed was purchased of one individual in the village, and its formation entrusted to another. It will readily be conceived that it did not give a very sublime idea of that which it was designed to represent; but the intention was not the less pious, nor the artist the less

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proud. When the building was completed, and the altar fitly arranged, a great crowd assembled to witness the ceremony of the consecration. During the celebration of the Mass, the officiating priest was much impeded in his holy duties by the grimaces of an individual in the throng, who was making most violent efforts to controul the laughter, which, at times, broke into an hysterical giggle, in despite of him. In vain the astonished and indignant *clerigo* * frowned and stared; still the man shuffled and smirked; and whenever he raised his eyes to the crucifix, smothered, with increased difficulty, a fresh burst of merriment. The neighbours murmured among themselves that *Senhor Joachim* was assuredly *star doudo*.† The Priest looked longer and more sternly on him, but nothing availed: and during the entire Mass, the incorrigible *Senhor* continued to cover his face with his hands, and to laugh until his brow and ears were crimson. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the enraged *clerigo* ordered the delinquent before him, and the following dialogue ensued:

* Priest. † Quite mad.

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"Man! are you aware that you have been committing a deadly sin, by treating with contempt the actual presence of your God, in the celebration of the most holy Mass?"

"*Simmio Senhor.*" *

"And wherefore then have you thus wilfully and deeply sinned?"

"I could not help it;" was the reply, accompanied by a fresh burst of laughter.

"Not help it, *velhaco!* †—know that I am greatly displeased."

"*Sinto isso, mio Senhor;* ‡ but I hope not."

"But, I tell you, sinner that you are!—that I am deeply incensed—and moreover, I tell you that 'Our Lord of the Crucifixion,' who was here in the midst of us, fixed on you an eye of anger and of judgment."

"Oh, no! he knows better than to do that;" said Joachim, confidently raising his eyes to the figure as he spoke, and once more giving vent to a long and hearty peal of laughter.

"Knows better!" echoed the bewildered priest, who began to imagine that the man had

* Yes, sir. † Knave. ‡ I am sorry for that.

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been suddenly bereaved of his wits; * "*Virgem beatissima!* knows better!".

"Yes, yes, he will not be angry with *me;*" persisted the culprit: "why, Lord bless you, *Senhor Clerigo*, he was a bit of my cherry-tree once!"

It were worse than useless to comment on such an occurrence.

While I am "i'the vein" I will relate another anecdote which I had from the mouth of the gentleman to whom it was related by a priest. On the occasion of a grand procession in honour of the Virgin, which takes place annually at *Nazaré* (the Brighton of Portugal); all the most beautiful boys of the neighbourhood were selected to officiate as angels. They were twelve in number, and were gaily attired in garments of gold and silver tissue, with pasteboard wings upon their shoulders. They were intended to surround the figure of the Virgin, and formed a very striking feature in the procession. They were all carefully dressed, and desired to keep themselves quiet until they were called to take

* Blessed Virgin.

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their places beside *Nossa Senhora*. This was, however, by no means easy to children under six years of age; and accordingly when the Priests had taken their places, the wax candles were lighted, the censers filled, and the Virgin ready to start, it was discovered that two of the "little angels" were missing! Great was the consternation of those who had been entrusted with the care of them—they searched, as they imagined, every possible and every impossible place; "Until, at length," said the *Priest*, who told the story, "in despair I ran into a stable, the door of which I saw standing open; and there I found the two d——d little angels playing at pitch-and-hustle!"

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THE FOREST FIEND!

A LEGEND OF LEIRIA.

"*Apre!*"* exclaimed the aged Senhora Leonora, one of the most incorrigible *comadres*† of Leiria; "*huma desgraça alcança a outra*‡—because I gave that giddy Isabel leave to go to vespers yesterday alone, she is off again—ah! master Paulo—master Paulo—you are at the bottom of this; but I will soon put an end to such doings, or my name is not Leonora Sepulveda."

"At the bottom of what, good Senhora?" asked a handsome young muleteer, as he drew

* Hey day! † Gossips. ‡ One mischief draws on another.

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off his *sombrero*, and bent his head, while passing under the low door-way of the cottage; "what sin has poor Paulo committed since last night, when you parted from him so kindly?"

"*Poor* Paulo, indeed!" echoed the old woman, striving to look more angry than she really felt: "poor Leonora, you should say, who is left to handle the distaff, and to fill the *panella* as she may, while her *tonta** of a niece is talking to muleteers, and such like."

"Nay, if that be all;" said the young man gaily, as he lifted the earthen pitcher from the ground, "I will be back from the fountain before you can have time to say an "*ave*"—but for the distaff, *minha Senhora*, I must even leave that for the pretty hands of Isabel to twirl."

"The pretty hands of Isabel are even now making it spin merrily;" said an arch voice at the elbow of the youth, as he turned to leave the cottage; and both aunt and lover started at the sound; Isabel was indeed there, and there, too, was the distaff, but very little thread was

* Giddy-brains.

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spun; and there was a deeper crimson upon the glowing cheek of the maiden than was usual even to her rich beauty. Her dress, also, was arranged with more than usual nicety; the *toucado* * was newly, and somewhat coquettishly, put on—she wore her *sáia da Festa*,† a fact which the keen eye of her aunt detected at a glance: and there was a certain consciousness about her whole appearance which bespoke her conviction that all this care was sufficiently evident.

"Whence come you, Isabel?" asked the young muleteer, gazing at her in wonder and admiration.

"*Ay de mim!*"‡ broke in the old woman, "the lad would cheat me with my eyes open! Do I not know, as well as though I had seen you both, that you have been together on the hill-side, or in the valley by the river bank? And now you would throw dust in my eyes, and catechise each other—but I am not yet in my dotage, Paulo, and can still see my way."

"Nevertheless, *Senhora*," persisted the young man, "I ask the question of Isabel in all good

* Head-dress. † Sunday petticoat. ‡ Woe is me!

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faith; for this is our first meeting to-day; and though it may be a somewhat late one, I hope that it will not be the less welcome. I see," he added, with a bright smile, as he glanced at the unwonted toilette of the girl: "that I was not unexpected."

Isabel put up her pretty lip, but there was more sneer than pout in its expression: she did not, however, reply to the remark, and Paulo left the cottage to replenish the panella.

"Where have you been, *menina?*" asked the old woman, as soon as they were alone.

"Been, *tia?*"* echoed the girl, as if to gain time.

"Yes, been, Isabel; is not the question a simple one?"

"Simple—oh, yes! simple enough; I have been——walking."

"Running, I should have said;" replied Leonora, glancing at her flushed cheek.

"*Faz muita calma,*"† said Isabel, affecting to fan herself with her apron.

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* Aunt. † It is very warm.

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"And you have not been with *Paulo?* tell me the truth, Isabel."

"He has told it you himself: we have not met before to-day."

"*Hora, que quer dizer isto?*"* asked the aunt; "you toss your head, and curl your lip, as though I talked of a beggar's brat, instead of an honest man's son—what crochet now? But here is Paulo:—"thank you, thank you, my good lad; young legs are better than an old crutch; I should have been away a good ten minutes longer."

"Are you for the hill-side, Isabel?" asked the young man, as he put down the *panella*, and approached her; "your kind aunt will spare you for half an hour, and there is a fine shade now, under the large pomegranate tree."

"I am weary of the pomegranate tree, with its flaunting blossoms," said the young beauty coldly; "have you no greater inducement to offer?"

"I guessed not that you would require another, Isabel; and am consequently unprepared to offer any." And the lover turned away with

* How, now! what does this mean?

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the flush of wounded feeling mantling his fine brow.

"*Estava zombando, Paulo*;"* said the girl hastily, as she laid her hand upon his arm: "let us to the hill-side—you are not angry?"

"No, Isabel, no: not angry;" replied the youth, as he turned to meet her touch. "not angry with *you*, Isabel." But the cloud lingered on his brow, and the words came not so freely as their wont.

Leonora looked after them as they left the cottage, with a glance of justifiable vanity. "There they go;" she murmured to herself; and as handsome a couple as the blessed sun has ever shone upon—but I know not what has come over Isabel, she seems strange and sad—well, well, she is but sixteen, and may be pardoned though she be not so wise as her grandmother."

And they *were* a handsome couple. The young beauty, with her dark hair smoothly banded beneath the well-starched muslin kerchief; her slight figure, fully devolved by the

* I did but jest.

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tight jacket of blue, laced with crimson; and her pretty ancle, revealed by the short *sáia* of bright-coloured cloth. Her lover was a model of the Portuguese muleteer; tall, and straight, and athletic; with a certain air of coquetry in his costume, which gave a holiday look to his whole appearance. He wore a jacket of black velvet, thickly garnished with pendant buttons of fillagree silver, a scarlet sash and garters; and his *sombrero* gaily ornamented with tufts and streamers of black silk, tagged with silver. He had the eye of a hawk, and the strength of a Hercules; and was, withal, the gayest and the most gentle youth of the whole neighbourhood. Proud had Isabel been of her lover, and no less proud was he of his mistress; many a guitar was struck in the twilight, in honour of the bright-eyed niece of Leonora; but to-night there was a shadow over the spirit of the young beauty, which her lover failed not instantly to perceive.

"You are sad to-day, *minha vida;*" * he said tenderly: "have you met with aught to trouble you?"

* My life.

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"No, Paulo, no:—but I have been thinking—and thought, you know, will sadden one at times. Poverty is a great evil; and it is a pity that there should be evil in the world."

Paulo looked on her in surprise: "But why should such thoughts as these trouble you, Isabel? *you* are not likely to feel the gripe of poverty—and to those who do, Our Lady be praised! you have the means of offering an open hand."

"When I talk of poverty, I do not mean beggary, Paulo;" said the girl: "and I am weary of the eternal *roca* * and *vassoura* † of my present existence—I feel that I was formed for better things."

"You were indeed, sweet Isabel;" acquiesced the somewhat bewildered lover: "and yet I know not in our cottage-life, how these things may be dispensed with."

"There again!" said the impatient beauty: "what a life it is—how mean! how spiritless! Paulo, I pine for higher enjoyments."

"And they may yet be yours, dear one:

* Distaff. † Broom.

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they *shall*, if my industry can secure them — only this very day, I have added another mule to my train—and I have now no fear, Isabel, but I shall prosper."

The petted beauty smiled, but it was very faintly: "Lisbon must be a fine place, Paulo, with its churches and its squares—its palaces and its columns—I should like to see Lisbon."

"Fear not but we will compass even that, Isabel: but it will take time to collect the *crusados* which you will spend so easily in the great city.

Still Isabel looked grave; and there was a momentary silence "Paulo," she said at length, "I have had a dream; I am to be the wife of a *Fidalgo*."

"*Beijo as mâos de vossa Senhoria!*"* said the young muleteer with a gay laugh: "in that case, you will travel to Lisbon in your own *ceja*,* and will have a pocket full of *crusados*.—And when, Donna, is the bridal to take place?"

"I am at least happy that the tidings gladden you, Paulo; I *had* thought you might have

* I kiss your ladyship's hands. † Chaise.

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been disconcerted when I told you such news."

"I am no dreamer, Isabel, and I have no faith in visions, or I had long since been a *Fidalgo* myself."

"There are such things as waking dreams," said the girl gravely.

"Ha!" exclaimed the lover, for the first time yielding to a suspicion that his pretty mistress had some hidden meaning in her unwonted pettishness; "what means this, Isabel? do you jest with my affection, or have you indeed ceased to love me?"

"Not so, Paulo—I love you with the affection of—of a sister, Paulo—more I cannot do"—

The young man snatched off his *sombrero*, and flung it on the grass beside him, as though he lacked power to breathe: "Yet, Isabel—yet you *have* told me"—

"I have deceived both you and myself, and I am sorry for it;" was the reply, as his mistress scattered the leaves of a pomegranate blossom to the wind: "I believed that I loved you better than my own soul, but I have been made to see my error—we must still be friends, Paulo; and

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you will soon forget that for a time we ever thought that we were more."

"Be it so:" was the reply; and the tone in which it was uttered was so calm, so unimpassioned, that the vanity of Isabel was wounded, and she looked up in wonder, but she was undeceived at the first glance, in the idea that Paulo could indeed calmly hear himself rejected for another. His teeth were firmly clenched, his brow was ashy white, and the veins were distended almost to bursting. "Yes, be it so:" he continued as he met the look: "I have loved you better, far better than my life—you have been my first thought, and my last—I would have welcomed misery to save *your* heart one pang—I would have toiled like a galley-slave to save *your* hand one task—I would have cherished you to my dying day as the best gift of heaven.—But, Isabel, I would not press a false or a cold heart to my bosom—I would not clasp an unwilling hand in mine—No! not to inherit the crown of Portugal; to sit in the palaces of her kings, and to sway the councils of her nobles—You are free, Isabel; free, as though I had never prest

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my lips to yours, and been cheated into misery—I can even wish you well—for myself, and my future fortunes, *pouco se me dá**—the axe is welcome to the withered tree—all things are now alike to me. Yet I beseech you, Isabel, by the love which you once bore me, look well to your steps—I fear me that you are on the brink of a precipice—and should it indeed be so: remember"—and for an instant his voice quivered "remember that if my hand can yet pluck you thence, its best strength shall be exerted in your cause, and that it shall be exerted guerdonless."

A tear fell upon the cheek of the girl: "You despise me, Paulo: you think me a worthless and a cold coquette."

"Isabel, forbear:" said the young man hoarsely: "you have tried me deeply—let us part now—it were worse than idle to dwell longer on such a theme: we cannot understand each other: your visions are all gay and golden: and mine would but sadden them—farewell then—and may you never look back with sorrow to the

* I care but little.

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hour when you cast from you the fondest heart that ever beat for woman!"

Isabel was about to reply: but she was alone.

"*Namorado frio!*" rose to the lips of Isabel as she made the discovery, but her own heart checked her in the utterance: full well she knew that Paulo had been no cold lover—and she herself, what had she been? false, most false! Had Paulo loved her less, he would have lingered to expostulate, to upbraid, to reproach,—he would have sentimentalized, and asseverated, and sworn a thousand idle vows—but he *could* not—his heart was wrung—the lightning had struck the pine, and although not withered, it was blighted at the core. But Isabel dwelt not long on the conscience-offered picture of her own unworthiness: she rose from the turf bank on which she had been seated, and with a look of re-awakened happiness, passed rapidly under the shadow of the hill, and, skirting the vineyard at its base, hurriedly commenced the ascent of the rock on which rose the ruins of the Moorish Castle. Many years have now elapsed since Isabel braved,

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with a beating heart, the labour of that difficult ascent; the Castle was even then in ruins, but not so utterly as at the present day. There were portions of the building weather-proof; and stately columns reared their graceful shafts high into the air, which now moulder piece-meal amid the long grass, and the rock weeds. The owl and the bat tenanted the narrow turret-chambers, and disputed their right with time, foot by foot. It was a dreary spot to visit in the night season: and tradition had peopled it with beings far more fearful than those which were said to inhabit the subterraneans beneath; while the soft moon-light which now silvers over every portion of the edifice, and smiles in saddened beauty on the graves in the chapel aisles, then gleamed only partially on ivied buttresses, and tottering turrets; and was cast back by masses of shadow which its faint beams failed to penetrate; and which appeared doubly dense from the contrast. But in the sun-set it was a gorgeous object; over-canopied by the thousand hues of heaven, and gleaming out in its desolation like a monument of the might of old!

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But Isabel thought not of this, as her light foot thredded through the tangled briers, or was imprisoned for an instant by the fairy network of the bindweed, which threw its graceful wreaths from one mass of masonry to another; and twining its clinging stems among those of the dark ivy, threw up its cup-like and transparent blossoms to the light, as if to mock, by its fresh and fantastic beauty, the ruin amid which it bloomed. Neither did she stoop to gather the rich blue violets which exhaled beneath her tread their delicate perfume—nor pause to watch the emerald-tinted *lagarto** as it darted into its leafy covert at the sound of her coming footstep. Isabel heeded not these things: her thoughts were centred on one object, and, save that one, the world was to her a wilderness.

"*Minha alma!*"† said a voice close beside her, as she paused on reaching the ruined hall: "my own fair Isabel! my fond and fearless beauty!" And a man in the dress of a noble, partly shrouded by the common *capa*‡ of the country, sprang from behind a projecting point of the ruin, and

* Lizard. † My soul. ‡ Cloak.

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stood before her: "so soon returned, my love? I thought I could not mistake the fall of that fairy foot, though I looked not to hear its music for many hours yet."—

And Isabel was clasped to a breast upon which glittered a jewelled star, and her hand was enclosed in one which sparkled with costly gems. The stranger was a tall, dark, majestic man, with features which might well be deemed faultless: but there was a character of immobility in his whole countenance, which, had it not been relieved by the brilliant and restless flashing of his large black eyes, would have been painful. The clear brown of his cheek and brow looked as though no warm life-blood had ever circled beneath it; and the dark and clinging curls which clustered about his forehead, seemed as though they had been hewn in marble. His dress was studiously rich, and even elaborate in its magnificence; and the coarse *capa* appeared rather designed to render the costliness of the garb, which it affected to conceal, more strikingly conspicuous, than to disguise it. But the most singular circumstance connected with a

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first survey of the stranger was his tenacious care to remain ever in deep shade: if Isabel, in the energy of the moment, moved into the broad beautiful light of the setting sun, he motioned her back impatiently under the long shadows of the building, as though he cared not that the day-beam should rest even upon her to whom he was breathing the words of passion. Far and fast flew the dense plumage of his jewelled head-dress in the breeze of evening; and it was as black as the wing of the night-raven. He wore the *esporas* * and *luvas* † of a knight, the first were golden, and the second deeply fringed with silver; and it seemed scarcely strange that one so young, so vain, and so unreflecting as Isabel should be dazzled by such unwonted magnificence.

"I have just parted from Paulo, poor Paulo!" said the girl, as he released her from his embrace: and the dark stranger frowned fearfully as he turned away his eyes. "Parted from him in anger—and for ever"—

"Ha!" and the jewelled lover looked up

* Spurs. † Gloves.

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with a smile more terrible than the frown which had preceded it: "Ha! in anger! and what said *minha querida** Isabel which could anger the low-born muleteer?"

"What thinks *vossa alteza* † that I said?" asked the girl in reply. "I told him that I was weary of the drudgery of the *roca* and the *gallinheiro;* ‡ and that I had dreamt that I was fated to be the bride of a Fidalgo."

"And you did well, *lindissima*, §—you did bravely—let not the churl touch your hand again, I beseech—nay, I command you. But another day can I linger here, Isabel; and if you indeed love me,—to-morrow night, when the tall pines wave darkly to the sky like the banners of a spirit-host, we will away together."

"To-morrow night!" said the girl timidly beneath her breath—"so soon?"

"Is it too soon to be happy, Isabel? or would you yet linger awhile near the churl who has dared to"—

"No! no!" hurriedly interposed the girl,

* My darling. † Your highness. ‡ Hen-house. § Young beauty.

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terrified by the tone and look of her lordly lover "I am ready—quite ready—have I not told you that we have parted for ever? And shall we to Lisbon, love?"

"Aye truly, Isabel:" replied her companion with a wild laugh which rang through the ruin with a sound that startled the fair girl: "but we will not travel thither-ward by the *calçada*, dearest; we will take the forest-track, and you shall see your future home, and be welcomed by your future vassals: and if, when you have dwelt there for a time, you should still sigh for the city; why then"—and again the mocking laugh rang out: "then we will talk of it again."

The heart of Isabel beat high, and her pulses throbbed almost to bursting: visions of pomp, and splendour, and regality, wild and wonderful, flitted across her brain; and she scarcely ventured to raise her eyes to those of the proud being through whose means she was to become possessed of all these glittering follies.

"How darkly the shadows fall;" she said at length, with a slight shudder; "and my path homeward is a dreary one: I fear me I must begone."

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"*Naõ vá taõ depressa,** my love,"—murmured the stranger: "the hours are long and weary when you are not near, with your bright eye and your gentle voice."

"My aunt will chide me," smiled Isabel.

A sneer curled for a second the proud lip of the lover. "Neither aunt nor suitor shall long shadow your young spirit, *minha* Isabel; after tomorrow——"

"I shall be yours, only yours," whispered the girl, as she hid her glowing cheek upon his shoulder; "till then, *o ceo vos guarde!*" †

The dark stranger sprang back a few paces with a convulsive start, as though the prayer was less welcome than it should have been; but he rallied in a moment. "Farewell, then, love, since it must be so;—remember, breathe not my name—hint not at my existence—whisper not of me even in your solitude—think of me—dream of me—but let my name be as a forbidden word, which may not pass your lips."

And so they parted — the stranger into the deepest recesses of the ruin, and Isabel to the rocky and broken path which led

* Do not go so soon. † Heaven preserve you.

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downwards to the city. Once, as she hurried on, she fancied that she heard a rustling among the boughs of the alders and ground willows, as though some one had forced a passage among their branches; but when she paused to listen, all was still; and she resumed her way with a heightened colour and a beating heart.

She was not chidden as she had anticipated, for Leonora loved the fair girl whom she had protected during her orphanage, and whom she had long learnt to look upon as a daughter; nor did she underrate the good qualities and fine person of the young muleteer; and never doubting that Isabel had but just parted from her lover, she received her with a smile and a jest; and hastened to spread the humble supper of water-melons, lettuce, and Indian-corn bread, which she had delayed until the return of her truant niece.

Bright and sunny was the morning sky when Isabel sprang from her humble couch on the morrow; and her first look was directed to the ruin on the rock. A heavy, dense, black cloud hovered above it like a pall—the only shadow

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on the horizon! Heavily it hung, and seemed almost to enfold the turret-heights. Isabel involuntarily shuddered; but it was not fear for herself which agitated her as she gazed on it. "*He* is there!" she murmured beneath her breath, "the storm-cloud is heavy above the ruin—its shock may hurl down the toppling fragments upon his head! It will burst—it will deluge the rock!"

Even as she spoke, the forked lightning ran quivering from point to point of the dark pile, and a sheeted flash shimmered over the whole edifice for a moment: yet it looked not like a storm of earth; the wind, indeed, swept heavily through the valley as if freighted with unwonted vapours, but no rain fell; and one single peal of thunder, like the discharge of hostile artillery, reverberated through the air. All was over! It seemed but the mere memory of a vision! The sky was blue and beautiful, and the leaves of the tall trees which fringed the river banks gleamed like emeralds in the early sunshine.

Isabel drew a long and painful breath; but she could not dispel the weight at her heart;

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and even the little *espelho*,* despite the lovely face which it reflected, failed to elicit the accustomed smile.

Heavily wore the day. The good *tia* chid her niece for her unwonted sullenness: the niece on her side shunned the aunt that she might escape her reproaches—and moreover there was an accusing voice in the spirit-depths of the girl which would not be silenced. She had deceived the aged relative who had been to her as a mother, with evasions, and concealments, and even falsehood—she had betrayed the faithful lover who had trusted to her—she had raised a barrier between herself and those of her own station which could never again be overthrown—And for what, and whom, had she done this? the bribe was vanity—but the tempter—who was he? To this question even Isabel—the infatuated, the enthralled Isabel could not reply! "Call me *Manuel José*"—had he said, in answer to her eager questioning, and in the blindness of her passion she had obeyed without further comment.

Almost unconsciously, as the hours sped on,

* Looking-glass.

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Isabel had listened for the tread of Paulo: "Will he indeed resign me without a struggle?" she had asked herself. Yes, even as she had cast aside all care for the lover of her youth, so seemed he to have flung from him all memory of her.

The twilight came: and Isabel clung caressingly to the gray-haired woman who had protected her infancy. "*Minha tia*," she said "leave the care of the repast to me — *o relogio dà horas* * — you have laboured much to-day, and must need rest—*Nossa Senhora* yield it to you undisturbed."

"*Filha do meu coraçaô*: † replied Leonora, as she pressed back the dark hair of Isabel caressingly from her brow: "be it even as you will: and when our supper is ended, you will away, if I mistake you not, to one who is anxiously watching your approach." —

"I shall, *tia*, I shall," faultered out Isabel.

"But why comes he not to seek you?" urged the garrulous old woman: "it is scarce maidenly to be thus at his beck, Isabel; this must be more wisely ordered hereafter—the lad is a good lad, but somewhat overly vain of his bright eyes."

* The clock strikes. † Child of my heart.

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"Poor Paulo!" involuntary sighed out Isabel.

"Nay, nay, I meant not to speak unkindly of him, *sobrinha** take it not to heart—*quem quer cavallo sem tacha, sem elle se acha* †—and truly if Paulo have no fault but that, it is one that time will soon mend."

"And may I away now, aunt?" asked Isabel, as she threw her *mantilha* gracefully over her head, and adjusted her tightly-laced *justilho*.‡—And when the assent was given, she paused, and bending down, she pressed her warm lips to the withered cheek of Leonora, and murmured out her *adeos* ere she left the cottage.

Night, dark, cheerless night rested upon the ruin as she ascended the rock, although the fair, sweet beams of the summer-moon flooded the landscape beneath it, save where the dense pine woods flung back the light, and rose tall and frowning to the clear sky. The trysting-tree where she had so often met her peasant-lover, stood out palpably in the silver moon-beams, and Isabel could almost distinguish the rich blossoms

* Niece. † Tis a good horse that never stumbles. ‡ Boddice.

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which clustered among its leaves—the tryst which she was now about to keep was less defined—less holy in its aspect—her eye was upon darkness—her foot was upon graves!

But the tryst was kept—the maiden who had vowed away her heart, and the lover who had received the pledge, once more stood hand to hand in that fearful spot—once more breathed the words of passion — once more filled the air of night with vows of truth and constancy. Alas! for Isabel—she mourned not the misery which she had meted out so recklessly to her first lover—she thought only of the proud idol of her present worship—she wept not her desertion of the aged and heart-wrung relative who would watch in vain for her returning footstep — she clung to the new, the untried friend, who to her had so suddenly become both light and life.

And what was he, this man of mystery and darkness?

"We must away, *minha querida* Isabel;" he said at length "for your sweet sake I have lingered too long in this inhospitable ruin; I pine for the forest-paths, and the waving woods—I

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would carry my bride to her proud home, and shew her the dwelling of her chosen lord—how say you, gentle one, shall we go forth?"

"*Seja muito embora*,* if such be your pleasure:" faultered out the girl, as she clung trembling to his arm "and yet, *nossa Senhora bem-aventurada*† shield me! the darkness grows more fearful every moment."

Again did the lover spring loathingly and fearfully aside, as though he loved not the ready prayer which rose to the lips of his mistress.

"And what fear *you* from the darkness, Isabel?" he asked, as he drew once more to her side: "love you not the long shadows which mock the prying moon, and defy her power? There is something mighty in the mystery of night, when wild voices are abroad in the woods, and this world sleeps pillowed on the darkness of that which is to come—when those high spirits, which scorn to mingle with the herd of puny mortals, who coil and cavil for straws in the garish sunshine, go forth in their majesty to assert their mystical and mighty power over the obedient

* Let it be so. † Our blessed lady.

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elements—But you tremble, *minha alma;* what fears my Isabel?"

"I know not—I know not"—murmured the girl "it cannot be that I fear *you*, and yet what wild words are those!"

"Words which your wily priesthood utter not, young beauty, lest they should make their dupes as far-seeing as themselves: words which many of them cannot utter, because the besotted drones dream not of the mysterious influences by which they are surrounded."—

"Strange!" thought Isabel as she sank shuddering on her knees "what unearthly feeling possesses me! Am I awake? How dearly I loved Paulo—and for whom, or *how* did I abandon him? Grew my love colder by degrees? No—no—it was swept away at once—extinguished in a moment—and now for the first time, I seem to feel the enormity of my falsehood—the earth totters beneath me—the tall turrets nod their heads as though they mocked me in the darkness—the distant pine wood sends a voice of triumph on the winds, like the gibbering of expectant fiends—What am I about to do?"

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"Fly with me, *minha vida*:" murmured a low voice beside her, as if it replied to the question: fly with me ere officious relatives dog our path—come, my Isabel; lean on me, love—let us but reach the wood, and then shall my young bride see and know to whom she has plighted her maiden faith."

"I cannot—I dare not"—whispered the girl shrilly.—"I know not what warning presses upon my spirit but—I *am* warned—*Santa Virgem, ora pro me!*"

"Idiot! dolt! *woman!*" yelled out her companion, "is it for this that I have wasted my precious moments in dalliance with a base-born peasant? Is it for this that I have lingered among the haunts of men, and imbibed the tainted air which they have breathed?—But you repent too late—you are mine—mine, body and soul—mine for ever!"

"Fiend! demon! monster!" shouted a voice in reply: "Our Lady is her shield—she goes not willingly—the forest-branches screen you not from the wide sky—your power is quenched—unhand her I say—*embusteiro** *diabo!*"†

* Impostor. † Devil.

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But Paulo spoke in vain: the girl was but clasped the closer by the strong arms of her unearthly lover. "Say only," he shrieked into her ear; "say only, Isabel, that you will not abandon me for this meddling peasant-churl—say only that you are willing to be my bride, and you are safe—and I—I—Isabel, I whom you have loved —*I* shall be saved!"

"No—no"—gasped out the girl "the veil has fallen from my eyes—Our Lady and the blessed saints deliver me from this thrall! Paulo, dear Paulo, save me! save me!"

"You are saved, *meu amor*,*—you are saved" —cried the young man; as with a wild yell, the dark stranger relaxed his hold, and Isabel sunk trembling on the ground: "*Now* he is mine!"

Even while he spoke the form of the unearthly suitor shot through the darkness, as he sprang wildly over a fragment of the ruin: but the rifle of the watchful muleteer reached him ere he gained his place of refuge—the sound rang out sharply on the night air—a shrill shriek succeeded it—and a dark mass fell heavily to the earth.

* My love.

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Paulo rushed forward, but a warning sound as of falling masonry arrested his eager steps: instinctively he caught up the fainting Isabel in his arms, and bore her apart. The tall tower beneath which lay stretched the inanimate body of the dead demon, tottered and swayed for an instant, and then fell earth-ward in a thousand fragments, with a crash which startled the sleeping city from its repose, burying beneath its mighty ruins the livid and loathsome corse of THE FOREST FIEND.

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MONASTIC MEMORIALS.

During our stay at Leiria, we made a party, of which I was the only lady, to visit the celebrated monastery of Alcobaça. I went furnished with a letter from a Canon of the Cathedral of that city, to the rector of the town of Alcobaça, containing a request that I might be accommodated in his house; as he told me that he knew the Prior of the monastery could not allow me to sleep under the roof of the holy St. Bernard, even if I were fortunate enough to be admitted *en grand jour*. We accomplished our

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journey very pleasantly, in about four hours: having been obliged to ride slowly nine miles out of the fourteen, owing to the vile state of the road. Our way being somewhat intricate, we engaged a guide, who kept up with us on foot without any apparent difficulty, for the first eight miles; when, not requiring his services any further, we cantered on, but only arrived at Alcobaça half an hour before him.

On our arrival we rode directly to the house of the Priest, where I alighted; and the gentlemen went on to the monastery, in order to obtain a stable for our animals. I was most kindly received, and was soon provided with dinner: but as I was somewhat wearied by my ride, under a hot sun, the sight and smell of the repast were more than sufficient to allay any appetite which I might previously have possessed: the dish being simply a chicken, stewed with garlic and oil. I swallowed a morsel of bread, and declined taking any thing more, lest I should be favoured with a *pendant* to the stewed chicken. I was then presented with a glass of wine, as sweet as mead; and all this in the spirit of

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hospitality and kindness. The gentlemen shortly afterwards returned to tell me that the Prior was inexorable, and that I must consequently remain comfortably where I was, until they could prevail on him to relent. This was a dreadful damp after my long ride and my anxiety, and I could only comfort myself with the hope that the morrow might produce better intelligence. At nine o'clock, the remainder of the party having left me to sup with the monks, I was rejoiced to hear that the good Priest, who had scrupulously borne me company, lest I should be *ennuyée* by my own thoughts, was obliged to go and read prayers to his household; he left me, therefore, with a couple of wax lights, a plate of fine grapes, and a Portuguese newspaper, to await the return of my father: who, at my request, also slept at the house of the Rector. Being very much fatigued, and depressed by disappointment, and a long tête-á-tête with a stranger, I threw myself on the bed which had been prepared for me. Nothing could be more delightful to the eye: the sheets were as white as snow, the bolster was gaily

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tied with ribbon, the pillow frilled with fine muslin, and the bed covered with a counterpane of crimson satin. The bedstead was of richly carved mahogany, and stood in a recess of the room in which I had dined. A mattress was thrown on the floor of a closet beyond, for my father. I laid down just as I was, in my riding habit, and a little mob cap which I wore under my *sombrero;* but just as I was dropping off to sleep, I heard the deep-toned bell of the monastery chime the hour; and I rose, and opening the glass doors, walked out upon the balcony. It was a lovely night: there was no moon, but the stars were as bright as silver, and the whole sky of a deep clear blue. I stood for some time breathing the soft air, which was deliciously cool and refreshing; and then, closing the doors, I once more threw myself on the bed. I soon slept, for I was worn out with fatigue; but I did not sleep long—I awoke with a horrible crawling sensation about my face and neck—I guessed the cause in an instant; and, springing to the floor, I seized one of the candles—my fears had been only too well founded—I had

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routed a whole colony!—I never beheld such a sight—I hope never to contemplate such another. Tired as I was, I looked upon the ribbons, the satin, and the frillings in despair—What would I not have given at that moment for a clean, coarse, cottage-bed in dear England! My father came at length, and I took possession of his mattress, thoroughly sick of all "creeping things."

On the following morning all the gentlemen breakfasted at the Monastery: and shortly afterwards they returned to tell me that although the Prior could not give me permission to see any thing beyond the chapel, he, nevertheless, thought it extremely possible that he should not be able to take cognizance of all my movements, burthened as he was with such multitudinous and multifarious occupations. This was sufficient; and indeed far more than I had latterly ventured to expect; and I was joyfully preparing to sally forth upon my expedition, when the Rector, who was a cheerful, hearty old man, and withal somewhat of a wag, desired me to enquire of some of the community, whe-

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ther it were possible for me to be admitted into the Bernardine Convent, which was about half a mile from Alcobaça. I thanked him warmly for the hint, of which I was in no danger of neglecting to avail myself. When I told the good priest how greatly obliged I felt by the courtesy of the Prior, he laughed heartily as he said, "*Minha Senhora,* I shall reply only by one of our country proverbs: *com arte, e com engano se vive meio anno; com engano, e com arte se vive a outra parte.**"

The exterior of the magnificent monastery of Alcobaça is extremely imposing; the chapel doors are of carved mahogany, elaborately studded with brass; above these doors is a circular window of immense size, the glass so arranged as to form a star surrounded by a hàlo. The two finely-proportioned towers, which flank the exterior front of the chapel, are highly decorated, and terminate in a fine dome, on the summit of which rests a globe, from which again issues a sword-shaped pinnacle, the whole formed

* Which may be shortly rendered, All a man's life is a cheat.

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from one block of stone. The excessive weight of this huge mass has, however, caused the partial demolition of one of the towers, its stupendous burthen having fallen some years back, with a crash, which, until the cause was discovered, created great consternation in the town.

At either extremity of the chapel, the *façade* of the monastery extends to a considerable distance, and the effect is strikingly fine; it immediately suggested to me the idea of some stupendous bird stretching forth its wings. The building terminates at each end in a lofty arched colonnade; if, indeed, I except the entrance to the stable yard on the left hand, which clings to the edifice like an excrescence, and is merely a plain arch of bright red bricks, glaring out in most disagreeable contrast from the sober, time-touched stone-work of the main edifice. The gateway of the Monastery, which opens into this yard, is very lofty: and the entire side of the building leans inwards to the height of about thirty feet in a very singular manner.

The front of this noble pile is indebted for much of its beauty to the fine flight of stone

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steps by which it is approached, and which extends along the whole front of the main building like a terrace; being guarded on the outer edge by a low wall, ornamented at regular distances with pedestals bearing pyramids of unpolished black marble.

The first *coup d'œil* of the interior of the chapel is beyond description impressive. Before you, at a great distance, stands the High Altar, literally blazing with gold and silver; above you is a finely-groined roof, supported by columns united the one with the other by a stone screen, elaborately sculptured; and directly across the body of the church stretches a superb railing of mahogany studded with brass, which prevents the intrusion of the congregation beyond a certain distance down the aisle, except upon high festivals, when it is thrown back, and free ingress yielded to all: but these occasions are rare.

On the inner side of this railing stand four altars, each in its own small chapel; to the right Saint Bernard, and Saint Francis; and to the left Saint Joseph, and *Nossa Senhora da Miseri-*

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cordia. Advancing behind the screen on the right hand, you arrive in a fine and extensive square, having in front of you a distant view of some of the private chapels immediately behind the High Altar; and more directly at hand, three fine arches richly gilt: under the first, stands an altar dedicated to Saint Joseph of Sienna; under the second, a superb figure of Our Saviour, presenting the keys of Heaven to St. Peter; and within the third, one of the greatest curiosities of the monastery—a representation of the death of St. Bernard, in which all the finely-grouped figures are the size of life. In the centre, on a low couch, lies the dying saint, with the crucifix pressed to his lips, his countenance expressive of all the holy hope and exalted resignation which can attend the close of a well-spent life. Around him are grouped nine kneeling figures in the habit of the order: at the head of the bed is one, bending forward to catch, as it were, the last breath of the expiring saint—the eyes dilated and tearless—the lips forcibly compressed—and the muscles of the throat painfully prominent. Beside him is a kneeling monk, with his head buried

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in his hands; beyond this, a third, with his face partially concealed by his robe; and a fourth, with one of the finest countenances I ever beheld—a mingling of horror, and curiosity, and expectation—the tears standing in the eager eyes, frozen, as it seemed, ere they could fall—the hands clasped upon the knee with convulsive tension—you might picture to yourself the very beatings of his heart! I cannot refrain from describing a fifth of these extraordinary and beautiful figures, it is that of a monk who kneels at the foot of the couch; there is a quiet, holy resignation in the expression of the face and of the attitude; a pious off-casting of worldly ties and affections in the subdued look of the fine eyes, which speak instantly to the heart; he holds a book, from which he appears to have been reading the prayers for the dying, and to have ceased only from a conviction that the "sealed ear" refused all further sound; the tears rest upon the cheek, as though he feared to weep—it is as fine a representation of human resignation as I ever looked upon! This wonderful groupe is executed entirely in clay, and the effect must be witnessed to be believed.

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Making the tour of the square, you next arrive at the altar of the Resurrection. The altar-piece is a figure of Our Lord, the size of life, ascending from the tomb; bearing in his hands and feet the mark of the nails, and in his side that of the spear. The screen of the altar-table was withdrawn; and within was a small bed, the sheet embroidered, and the pillow tied with a pale lilac ribbon. On this bed, we were told that an effigy of the Saviour was laid out during the Passion week; while a thick curtain was drawn over the representation of the resurrection. At a certain period of the ceremony, the front of the altar-table suddenly closed, and the ascending figure was developed in a blaze of light! I can readily conceive that the effect must have been perfectly electrifying.

Passing the altar of the Resurrection, you arrive at the Chapel of Tombs, which you enter through a wrought-iron gate. In the centre of this inclosure stand the sarcophagii of Pedro I., and the fair, and fond, and unfortunate, Ignes de Castro! Both these tombs were considerably defaced by the French; particularly that of the

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Queen, whose body the ruffian soldiery dragged from its resting-place, in the mercenary hope of discovering concealed treasure: and we were assured by the monks, that the body of Donna Ignes,—unfortunate even beyond the grave!—had been so skilfully embalmed, that the face was perfect—and the very sacrilegious miscreants who tore her from her tomb exclaimed in ecstasies on her beauty. Her hair had grown remarkably since her interment; and after the hurried departure of the French, when the alarm was given of the approach of the British army, the *Juiz de Foro* of Alcobaça cut several tresses from her head, and sent them as reliques to some friends in Lisbon. The chapel was completely filled with tombs; but those of Ignes and her husband absorbed all my interest.

As we quitted the Chapel of Tombs, the Prior entered the church, and, much to my surprise and gratification, he included me in the courteous welcome which he addressed to the party; and accompanied us over the remainder of the chapel.

From this point we fell back up the centre aisle, to take a view of the High Altar,

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and I never in my life saw anything which made a greater impression on me; to the left is the throne of the General of the Order, under a canopy of white silk damask, fringed with gold. On the altar stand six massive candlesticks of silver, four feet in height, three on either side of the crucifix, which is of the same costly material, and rests on an immense base, richly chased and ornamented. On this stand, every article used at the crucifixion is represented; and at the foot of the cross are grouped the guard-drum, the pincers, the ladder, and the sponge fastened to a reed. The back of the Altar is a half circle, in the centre of which, immediately above the crucifix, is a globe, large enough to contain a man; this globe is surrounded by a *hălo*, and surmounted by a cross; the whole of silver. The capacious globe is for the purpose of containing the Host; and, on solemn occasions, a concealed spring is touched, when it slowly opens, and the Host is discovered.

Above this costly ornament is a representation of the Virgin surrounded by Angels, looking down on the holy mysteries of the mass: the

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whole groupe are floating on clouds of burnished silver; and over these figures are six windows under gilt arches, hung with rose-coloured silk curtains; the effect of the softened light falling through these draperies upon the altar will be readily understood by those who visited the saloon at Fonthill Abbey. The whole of this splendid portion of the chapel is at times concealed behind a vast curtain of rose-coloured silk, which falls from the lofty arch; and immediately in front of this drapery are the royal arms of Portugal richly emblazoned in gold upon the finely-fretted roof.

On the right, as you return up the middle aisle, stands the new organ, a most elaborate specimen of carving in cedar wood; and immediately opposite to it another was then in progress; it is greatly to be lamented that these noble instruments, chaste and elegant as they are, and, in themselves, so ornamental, will destroy much of the effect of the High Altar, when seen from the entrance of the church, being erected in so prominent a manner as to screen it very considerably. Crossing the body of the chapel, you

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reach a square, corresponding with that of the Resurrection, in which two of the shrines were totally demolished by the French; the third is, however, perfect; and is dedicated to Saint Sebastian, who is seen with the arrow in his heart, naked from the waist upwards; the remainder of his person being clad in antique fashion, in a garb curiously wrought to represent the ancient gold-plated leather.

Above this Altar is an iron grating, reaching to the roof of the chapel, which enables the community to look down into the side aisle of their magnificent *capella;* and here, chancing to look up, I saw one of the handsomest faces I ever beheld. It was that of a young monk, who was watching us with the most intense curiosity. I do not think (and I had subsequently ample opportunity of judging) that there was a feature in his face that was not perfect. The grating reached to the floor of the gallery in which he stood, and the effect of his figure was strikingly scenic: the long, loose robe of white serge, falling in heavy folds to his feet, and girt at the waist by a black girdle edged with

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white — the deep black cape, sufficiently cut away to display to advantage the white shirt-collar, in its turn falling back from a throat still whiter—the very fine countenance—the high calm forehead, around which the dark curls clustered in heavy masses — and the deep eyes which glanced through their long lashes—formed, altogether a picture, which reminded me of I know not how many of the romantic fancies of early days. While I stood looking towards him, he turned his head, and the *coroa* (or shaven crown) rested against the grating, as he appeared to be conversing with some one in the gallery;—in another second he disappeared.

The next shrine is that of Saint Michael; an ill-executed, but finely-conceived figure; the Saint is represented as a youth, with the Tempter clad in iron armour lying at his feet, upon whom he is looking down; holding in one hand a pair of scales each containing an infant; and in the other the sword of Alfonso III., one of the treasures of the monastery, which alone makes the shrine of Saint Michael worthy of a second look. On either side of this Altar hangs

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a large oil painting illustrative of some pious incident in the life of one of the Bernardine Brotherhood, remarkable neither for interest nor execution.

The six private chapels behind the Altar are richly ornamented, and lighted from the centre of their domed roofs: they contain a few fine paintings; particularly a Magdalene in the Wilderness, by *Caracci*, and a Descent from the Cross, presumed to be by *Michael Angelo;* but generally speaking, the paintings are utterly unworthy of their position. The Prior accounted for this fact by stating that the French had destroyed many, and carried away others, which they had never been able to recover.

The Sacristy is a noble apartment, lighted by three immense windows, with a ceiling most elaborately wrought in azure and gold. In the centre is a representation of Saint Bernard, the founder of the monastery, in the act of ascending into Heaven; and arrested in his progress by an angel, who clings to his robe to detain him; while two other winged messengers present him with a mitre and crosier: the idea struck me

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as a most singular and somewhat perplexing one. Was the Saint persuaded to forego his hopes of immediate beatitude for a bishoprick?

Surrounding this groupe are the antique shields, evidently designed for the emblazonment of armorial insignia, but never completed.

There were several large packing-cases in this apartment, filled with plate and other valuables by the French during the war, for the purpose of transport; but abandoned in their retreat —several of these remain precisely as they left them—not a nail has been drawn!

A door opens from the Sacristy into the Reliquary; a round chapel with a domed roof to admit the light: it is entirely lined with the busts of Saints, if I except the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and the Evangelists, which are full-lengths: each Saint has a small glass case fitted into the breast, containing some relique appertaining to it:—a finger, a bone, a lock of hair, a shred of linen, and even the paring of a nail! Here are enshrined the *lagrimas da beatissima Virgem** in juxta-position with a bar of the gridiron

* Tears of the blessed Virgin.

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of Saint Anthony, and a feather of the cock which proclaimed the betrayal of Peter. In short the whole appearance of this chapel was most singular — I may even say whimsical. Studded with busts, many of them female ones, and in the most coquettish attitudes imaginable — inclining towards their next neighbours precisely after the manner of those which decorate the shop-windows of our metropolian hair-dressers — their glass eyes gleaming cold and vacant, and their gaudy draperies arranged in the most grotesque manner; the *coup d'œil* of this monastic museum baffles all description! To complete the incongruity of the picture, the floor was strown with lumber from one end to the other — bees-wax, matting, great-coats, candlesticks, old-tables, door-mats, chair-bottoms, and a thousand other things, quite as consistent, and equally ornamental. This heterogeneous receptacle had precisely the appearance of the property-room of a theatre! — Nor was I less surprised at the perfect unconcern with which the monk, who officiated as *cicerone,* kicked out of his way the various objects which impeded his progress round the

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encumbered apartment; jostling Saint John, and running against Saint Ursula, without the least hesitation; and criticising the countenances and *contours* of many of the figures without the slightest deference to their holiness. The doors opening into the Sacristy from the chapel were extremely curious, being of Brazilian wood, with the door frames curiously carved, to represent a vine trained over an open trellice, and bearing a profusion of leaves and fruit.

The lower cloisters of the monastery are extensive and imposing: the square round which they are built, is paved, and has a fine orange-tree at each corner; three of which, at the period of our visit, were covered with fruit, and the fourth in full flower, and redolent of perfume. Many of the stones in these cloisters cover the bodies of no less than six of the brotherhood: I had the curiosity to copy the dates of interment upon one of them, which varied from 1584 to 1730.

Just as we reached the refectory, the brotherhood were issuing from it, in full procession, chaunting the after-grace; and the effect of their

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combined and manly voices pealing along the cloister was singularly fine. Retiring until they had passed, we entered the spacious dining-hall: over the door is inscribed; *Respicite Quia Peccata Populi Come Medetis.* It was surrounded by tables, plainly, but neatly covered. To the left of the entrance is a fine pulpit of white marble, supported by pillars, from which one of the fraternity preaches, while the rest dine. To the right is a stone slab, above which a small door opens into the kitchen; and by this epicurean arrangement the meat is at once conveyed unchilled to the refectory table. The cellar, which we next visited, is of enormous extent; and contained, when we saw it, thirty barrels, each holding fifteen pipes of wine—the whole produced by the vineyards of the monastery. Thence we proceeded to the kitchen, whither we were conducted by the young monk whom I had seen through the grating; and who proffered his services as *cicerone*, when we quited the refectory, where he had lingered behind the rest of the community; with an ease and politeness perfectly in keeping with his appearance. I believe I have hitherto

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omitted to mention that none but the sons of *Fidalgos* were admitted into this monastery: a fact which they did not fail speedily to make known to us.

The kitchen of the establishment is one of its greatest lions; it is of very vast extent, and contains three beautiful marble fountains: one for the purpose of washing vegetables; the second for washing the meat, which they leave soaking until all the blood is extracted; and the third for the use of the servants. The upper end of the kitchen is raised, like the hall of a Feudal Chieftain, two steps above the lower; and here, upon slabs of white marble, are manufactured the *tortas*,* *doces*,† and *confeitos*,‡ in which the Portuguese so much delight, and this community excel. At the lower end, a portion of the floor is left unflagged, and a branch of the river *Alcoa* enters the kitchen. When they wish to arrest the course of this stream for the purpose of cleansing the kitchen, they put down four large plugs, and in about five minutes the entire place is flooded. The whole of the ceiling and walls of

* Tarts. † Sweetmeats. ‡ Comfits.

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this immense apartment are lined with Dutch tiles, which have a very clean and cheerful appearance.

At this period of our peregrination, I was informed that the prior could not invite me to dine with the gentlemen of my party; but having once penetrated into the interior of the monastery, I was a free agent. Need I say that I availed myself of this intelligence? All around me was, as it were, enchanted ground, which woman's foot had seldom (they said *never*) trod before!

At four o'clock the Prior led the way to table; which, as a piece of gallantry to me, was spread in the Hall of Kings: the gentlemen having dined on the previous day in an apartment opening on the upper cloisters. The *Sala dos Reis* is a large square building intersected by pillars, and surrounded by brackets of black marble, on which stand statues of the ancient sovereigns of Portugal, coloured to the life; the brackets are seven-and-twenty in number: and nineteen of the figures are perfect; those of John IV. and of Henry I. are in a sad state of dilapidation, having been struck by a thunder-bolt, which

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strange to say, did no other injury. Six of the brackets are yet untenanted. The royal arms are finely emblazoned on the ceiling; and at the upper end of the hall is an arched recess containing three figures; they are those of the Pope and Saint Barnard, crowning Alfonse Henriques; and beneath the groupe, lettered in blue on Dutch tiles, is a lengthy inscription in Latin, on the subject of the foundation of Alcobaço; and the vow of the King, signed by himself and those of his court who were its witnesses. This singular inscription bears date May the 4th, 1142.

Round the Hall is depicted the traditional history of this splendid edifice, in blue and white Dutch tiles; which is curious enough to be worthy of detail.

The first pannel represents the King Dom Alfonso on his knees on the summit of the *Sierra D'Albardos*, vowing to GOD as much land in the direction of the sea as was visible to his naked eye, for the erection and support of an Abbey, if he would concede to his prayers the conquest of *Santarem*, which he was about to

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undertake with two hundred and fifty of his soldiery against four thousand Moors. Dom Pedro, and a band of armed warriors are witnessing the vow. Saint Barnard is to be the intercessor between his GOD and himself: and the abbey to be founded is one of Barnardine monks.

The second section presents the kneeling figure of the Saint at the head of his community, imploring this boon of the Almighty for the benefit of his order.

The third pourtrays the arrival of a nobleman and five monks at Coimbra, delivering to the King the answer of Saint Barnard; he is in the act of exclaiming: "*Quod diximus ex eadem.*"

The fourth pannel depicts the battle of *Santarem*, and the victory of Alfonso.

The fifth represents the Saint *on the evening of the battle*, informing his community of the success of their prayers; and giving thanks to GOD for the happy issue of the siege.

The sixth embodies the receipt of the King's letter by the Saint, at *Caraval;* who is looking steadfastly towards the messenger, as he informs him that he already knows the contents of the

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regal missive; and presenting to him a ground plan of the abbey which he wishes to be erected, to deliver to the King.

The seventh represents the arrival of Alfonso and five Bernardine monks on the spot where the monastery now stands; where they find a company of angels already marking out the boundary lines of the building.*

The eighth and last pourtrays the King in the pious act of laying the first stone.

Such is the legend of the Bernardine monastery of Alcobaça, and the story is fancifully imagined, if not implicitly credited. Through the same holy interest, (doubtlessly in return for his splendid gift to the Order) Alfonso Henriques eventually conquered twenty thousand Moors

* Perhaps any thing more thoroughly anti-sublime than the detail of this picture cannot well be conceived. Four angels, considerably *enbonpoint*, with very thick legs, hard at work. One with a two-foot rule, a second with a square, a third with a line and a plummet, and a fourth with a spade. I remember another of equally matter-of-fact delineation in a cathedral on the Continent; where in a painting of "Christ giving sight to the blind," Our Lord is in the act of placing a pair of the old fashioned spectacles on the nose of a figure which kneels before him.

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with five thousand Portuguese! This at least, was as it should be.

On entering the royal dining-hall, the Prior, with somewhat more than monastic courtesy, led me to the head of the table, and placed himself on my left hand: the rest of the party seated themselves according to their inclination at the sides; leaving the foot of the table vacant for some of the monks, who entered the room at intervals, in order to see us eat, which is considered a great courtesy among the Portuguese. One of the fraternity carved, and was the only individual of the community who partook of the meal, the others having previously paid their *devoirs* to the good things of the monastery in their own refectory.

My first acquaintance, the young monk whom I had seen through the grating, was among the earliest of our visitors; and he had made his *toilette* with as much care as a town belle. The dark curls clustered, if not more richly, certainly more gracefully than ever, round his high forehead; the shirt-collar was thrown further back, the folds of the robe fell more classically from

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beneath the black girdle; and there was a suppressed smile of conscious beauty playing about his lips, which was rather anti-monastic. We had scarcely commenced dinner, when the monk who did the honours of the table rose, and drank my health; an example which was instantly followed by all of the community who were present. In fact, if they really had originally felt any distaste to my admission into the monastery, like the horror of Saint Senanus at "female footsteps" on his "sacred isle," it was of very short duration.

From the Hall of Kings we returned into the chapel; when expressing a wish to hear the effect of their magnificent organ, the Prior immediately dispatched one of the younger Monks for the key. I had not been long in the organ-gallery when it was completely filled. Old and young—though it must be confessed that the latter greatly predominated; all the community appeared anxious to see and converse with an Englishwoman.

The monk who officiated as organist played for a considerable time, and in a very masterly

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manner. He commenced with some fine anthems, but finally digressed to waltzes and minuets, and the Overture to Semiramide. As they were very desirous that I should take his place at the instrument, I complied, and played the most appropriate music (as I thought) which I could remember at the time; but they had little taste for Adeste Fideles, or the Dead March in Saul, and insisted on some "English dances." I accordingly perpetrated "Captain Wyke," and "Drops of Brandy," both of which delighted them exceedingly. They then urged me to sing a song, and when I had done so, as well as my inclination to merriment would permit, they requested me to let them see me dance—this was too much, and I laughed outright! I told them that there were two things in which I *could not* dance, a church, and a riding-habit. They shrugged up their shoulders at the first objection, but admitted the reason of the second. With my dress they were greatly amused; and several of them requested permission to *touch* my hair! They could not recover their astonishment when they discovered that I could read and write, and

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even sketch: and paid me endless compliments on my wonderful erudition! I never saw a community with less affectation; they spoke of the wealth of their Monastery without turning up the whites of their eyes, and calling it dross, as is usually the case with the monks. They kept a princely table, and drank fine wine, and they readily acknowledged that they appreciated both the one and the other. One of the brotherhood was an immense man; he was obliged to pass through some of the doors sideways! He might have played Falstaff without stuffing; or have been exhibited as the embodyment of *un jour gras*.

The number of monks in this Monastery, before the Peninsular war, was one hundred and sixty; at the period of our visit they were reduced to fifty; two thirds of whom were under thirty years of age; and while I am now writing (1833), the number is diminished to twenty-seven: the remainder of the brotherhood having exchanged the *coroa* for the schako, and the serge gown for the scarlet uniform, and enrolled themselves under the banners of Donna Maria the Second.

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From the Chapel, we proceeded to the Library; the highest boast and beauty of the establishment. This splendid room extends along the whole garden front of the building, and is lighted by nine noble windows. The roof, the walls, the galleries, the book-cases, all are conceived and executed with a taste and elegance which lose much, very much, by description. The centre of the ceiling has for its subject Saint Barnard in his study; the figure of the Saint raised in dead white, upon a ground work varying from the faintest yellow to the palest pink.

I confess myself to have been heretic enough to wish most heartily to dislodge the Saint, he was in such wretched keeping with the rest of the apartment. Every thing looked bright and sunny: the windows formed recesses, and these were exquisitely painted by an Italian artist; his rich fancy had revelled in the visions of his own beautiful land, and here he had embodied them. Flowers, and fruits, and streams, and trees, all that nature boasts of light and loveliness, had grown beneath his hand—

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it was a spot in which to muse over Metastasio —to smile with Spencer—and to coquet with the muse of the graceful Surry. What had the tonsured Saint to do in such company?

The floor of the Library is of Mosaic marble, and the gallery which extends round the apartment is chastely and beautifully ornamented. Among the books which were particularly pointed out to us were a "Latin Bible" with plates, in four volumes, with views on the gilding of the leaves, presented to the Monastery by the Duke of Northumberland; "Mickle's Translation of the Lusiad;" an offering from Henrietta Frances O'Neill.* "Westminster Abbey and its Monuments," the gift of Mr. Canning; and several other works presented to the Community by English visitors, of which they appear to be particularly proud. In each recess of the apartment stand a chair and a table, for the purposes of study; and in the centre of the floor

* On seeing this volume, I became convinced that I was not even the first *English* woman who had gained admittance at Alcobaça, as I presume that Miss O'Neill presented her own gift.

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are two large tables covered with maps and charts.

At the upper end of this princely apartment a door opens into a smaller one, for the convenience of those who wish their studies to be more private than would be possible in the Library, to which all the community have free ingress: and here we looked over some fine engravings, and curious manuscripts. Over the door of entrance is a small slab, on which is inscribed: *Viam sapientiæ monstrabo tibi.*

Returning along the gallery, we ascended another flight of stone steps, and entered a long, narrow room thickly hung with paintings; from which we passed into the chapel of the novices. This elegant little place of worship is that in which the junior monks learn to serve the mass, before they officiate at the High Altar in the great chapel. It is carpeted all over, and the walls are covered with oil paintings, representing the different miracles which have been wrought by, or in favour of, the Bernardine brethren—some of them amusing enough. The altar-piece is a figure of Our Saviour after the Flagellation,

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carved in wood, and coloured to the life. The hands are exquisitely executed, as are the traces which the bonds have left upon the wrists; and the face is painfully expressive of suppressed suffering—it is a terrible and faithful picture of human agony, but totally deficient in the sublimity for which we look in every representation of the Great Original. The only effect which it produces is one of horror and sadness. On either side of the altar is a full-length painting in oil of a Carmelite friar, the work of a lady; and truly the fair artist had chosen no unworthy subjects on which to exert her talent; for, despite the uncourtly habit of the order, the portraits (for such they evidently were) were highly interesting; representing, as they did, the likenesses of two superb individuals: the execution of the two was very unequal in merit, although palpably the productions of the same hand. The chapel opens upon a terrace, and the exterior wall is covered with devices in shell-work, a pastime of some of the younger monks: and among the plants on this terrace, which appeared to be tended with the greatest care, I remarked a profusion of

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the little flower called in Portugal *amor parfaito*, —the last flower which I should have expected to find in a monastery; particularly in a country where every blossom has its sentiment, and every bud its language. This terrace overlooks the two tiers of cloisters, and presents to your eye a fearful proof of the devastating talents of the French Army. Many portions of the monastery are unroofed—others have the floors torn up—while the cells and galleries retain the traces of the fires which were fed by the planks and timbers thus obtained. The little flower-garden beneath the back cloisters is very neatly kept, and is intersected by that branch of the Alcoa which enters the kitchen.

Nothing now remained to be seen but the garden; and the monks apologised that they could not accompany the party, owing to my being a member of it; the reason was obvious, the grounds being overlooked by the street of the village. Two servants were in attendance to conduct us to all those objects which were worthy of notice; parties of the monks, meanwhile, crossing our path at intervals and passing on.

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The flower-garden was unusually gay, and well kept, with its sparkling fountain, its rose hedges, and its white marble terrace, entwined with creepers. Emerging from the parterre, we proceeded along a fine grove of chesnut-trees, beneath which the monks were lounging on rustic seats, to the rabbit-yard, which is walled in, and covers about half an acre of ground; it contains nearly four hundred rabbits, and is carefully paved and drained.

One of the servants who attended us spoke very good French, and was not aware that the gentleman upon whose arm I leant understood the language. He was very voluble, and not a little familiar; but extremely guarded so long as the monastery or its inmates were the subject of conversation. He soon, however, digressed to his own more immediate interests, and told me a very grandiloquent story of his having been a a captain in the French Imperial army; and another of the Emperor having "stolen some prunes from him" at Moscow: but he exclaimed, "*Neanmoins c'étoit un grand homme que ce Napoleon-là, malgré ce petit larcin-un trés*

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grand homme!" After this satisfactory assurance, he put on an air of great mystery, and enquired of me whether I had found an opportunity of delivering the letter which I had written in the Hall of Kings? I looked astonished—he became only the more mysterious and important: "You do not fear me, *Mademoiselle*," he said, emphatically, spreading his large ungainly hand on his heart, "you cannot fear me, who am an officer and a gentleman! Only point out the individual who is to be happy enough to become the possessor of that letter, and depend on *my* honour—the honour of a captain of the *grand Napoleon:* yonder are a party of our tonsured nobles in the chesnut grove—say but the word, and you shall yourself witness its delivery."

I heard this notable harangue to its close, and then told the gallant captain very quietly that I never wrote letters in my note book; nor had I any correspondents in the Bernardine monastery; and that I begged he would not trouble himself to accompany the party any further, but leave us to the guidance of his fellow-menial; who, however inferior he might probably be to

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himself in consequence, at least possessed the negative merit of knowing his situation.

This little episode gave us, however, some insight into the intrigues of a monastery. On the following morning we returned to the abbey, to pay our respects to the Prior, and to take leave of the community, previously to visiting the source of the river Alcoa, which rises about a league from the hamlet. I took this opportunity of enquiring about the Bernardine nunnery, but they denied all knowledge of that, or any other convent in their neighbourhood. In vain I insisted that I had been so informed; they could not imagine how such an idea could have originated, and enquired very eagerly *who* had been my informant; this question I however parried: having been warned by the rector not to divulge that he had hinted the fact to me. When I mentioned to the merry priest the ill success of my mission, he merely laughed and shook his head. "I assure you," said I, "that they know nothing of such an establishment."

"And I, in my turn, assure you, *Minha Senhora*," replied the old man, "that these worthy Bernardines have a subterranean road from their

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own house to that very nunnery, wherein the ladies, like themselves, are all nobly born. I was aware, when I told you to make the enquiry, that they would act precisely as they have done; but the thing is not the less true because they will not acknowledge it."

I suppose that I still looked incredulous, as he persisted somewhat impatiently "*He verdade**—on the honour of a priest, I speak advisedly."

"Really!" said I, the more doubtfully that I was so much indebted to the community for their politeness to myself.

"Aye truly, lady," said a pretty little black-eyed *menina*, who was a guest at the house of the rector, "and moreover my grandmother (whose soul is now with the saints) knew a *Freira* of that convent who had been sorely tried by the world, and at length took refuge there. *Requiescat in pace*—her's was a sad tale!"

"Will you tell it to me?" I asked eagerly, if you but knew how I love a legend!"

"But the *Senhora* is in haste"—

"No, no, not at all—will you tell it in the

* It is true.

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garden, or shall we hide ourselves in the *alcova* yonder?—I would not miss hearing it for the world."

"You shall not;" said the good humoured Portuguese, and the tale was told ere we parted from the kind and worthy rector, and bent our steps for the last time towards the monastery, to make our *adeos* to our more noble, though not more kind, friends, under its splendid roof.

We all took leave of the courtly and hospitable community of Saint Barnard with much regret; a regret which we were gratified to find was reciprocal; and we departed, after having received many pressing invitations to repeat our visit. As for myself, I had won the good will of the brotherhood by the curiosity which I had evinced to become acquainted with all the curiosities of their monastery; and the Prior assured us that we had in consequence seen many things which are seldom or never shown to visitors: as they generally contented themselves with walking through the chapel, and spending an hour in the library, all which they declared to be very pretty; and then, looking at their watches, enquired at

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what hour the dinner would be ready—passed the night in the abbey; and departed the next morning to forget the little which they *had* seen. And on shaking hands with me for the last time, he good humouredly told me, that he hoped some of my memoranda would be sufficiently obscure to require revision; in which case, or indeed in any other, I should ever meet with a sincere welcome at Alcobaça.

I do believe that I should, but I never saw it again.

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THE TWO PICTURES.

A CONVENTUAL LEGEND.

"Thou art sad, my daughter," said the venerable Abbess of the Bernardine convent of *Sant' Antonia* to the fair but faded sister Agnes, as she seated herself beside her on the margin of the fountain which threw up its cool waters in the deepest recess of their splendid orangery: "(*Nossa Senhora da misericordia*, and the blessed *Saint Antonia*, our holy patroness, comfort thee!) Thou hast shunned the refectory, as though I had doomed thee to a course of *Sopa de peixe* * and *chicoria* † — (Sweet Mary forfend!) and thou with that pale brow and those dim eyes. Why,

* Soup meagre. † Succory.

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even father Xavier himself, (the saints prosper him!) looks on thee with pity, and ever urges me to force upon thee some novel medicament—trust me, my child, there is neither herb nor drug in Portugal which I should not deem well purchased, cost it what it might, did it spare thee the suffering of an hour."

"I know it, *minha mai*,* I feel it;" answered the gentle nun; "but, I pray you, heed not either the pale brow, or the dim eye—or heed them only to bless the holy saints for the prospect of rest which they hold out. Had the world contained only kind spirits like thine, then indeed I had sorrowed to leave it—but now when the spear is in my heart, think you that I shall not rejoice when it is plucked out, and I may die in peace?"

"*Calai-vos! calai-vos!* † my child;" said the *Abbadessa*: "such words are weak and sinful—your duties should reconcile you to life."

"Alas! they exist no longer"—sighed out the recluse.

"How!" was the hurried rejoinder: "hold

* My mother. † Hush! hush!

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you for nothing the service of the shrine? the penances of the *quaresma* *—the mortifications of the *confessionario* †—the broidering of the *Toalha do Altar* ‡— the decking of the chapels of *Nossa Senhora da Misericordia*, and of the blessed *Sant 'Antonia*, with our choicest flowers? and talk you of your duties having ceased to exist? such words are sin, daughter, deadly sin—(*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*) have I not performed them for three-and-fifty years? The first time I laid an offering on the shrine of Our Lady, the dark curls were on my forehead, and the light of seventeen summers was in my eye—within a year, I was a novice of *Sant' Antonia*—now my hair is gray, and my eye is dim, but I have not forgotten that these things are duties, which I can never outgrow. And for any worldly care, whose memory may haunt you, cast it from you, my child; for you have on longer any claim upon that world, or it on you; and remember our homely country proverb; *quem canta seus males espanta.*§"

"Oh! that I could emulate *your* piety, *your*

* Lent. † Confessional. ‡ Altar-cloth.
§ He who sings lightens his grief.

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patience, holy mother," murmured the low voice of her companion: "but your earthly pilgrimage has been one of placidity and peace—its dawn may have been less sunny than my own, but its noon knew not the storms, the convulsions, which were the atmosphere of *my* mid-day existence—nor the misery and blighted feeling which attend its close."

"Truly, storm or sorrow has darkened my day of life but little:" acquiesced the good Abbess: "I knew that there would be for me but one step from the cradle to the cloister. My noble father was more rich in honor than in gold, and he possessed not wherewithal to portion off a large family as their high birth demanded. *Em conciencia** I believe that he loved not one of his family more than another, though to some of us he secured a life of holiness and peace—a foretaste of paradise—an apprenticeship to the Virgin, and the blessed Saints; while he only gave to the others the means of wrestling more proudly with the vices and iniquities of a sinful world. *Que felicidade! que alegria! que gloria!*† to be one of the

* On my conscience † What happiness—joy—glory.

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chosen ones for the veil and the altar! We do not see our blessing as we should, my child—we do not sufficiently appreciate the haven of peace which we have found—the high privilege of living under a roof expressly dedicated to a beatified spirit.—And then, think of the pleasures of our retreat—our birds, and bees; our flowers, and fruits; our embroidery-frames, and laboratory—our far-famed organ, and our unrivalled confections. Remember all this, *minha filha;** and restrain the idle thoughts which would rest upon the past. With thee, memory is an agent of Satan—a tool of the Devil—a temptation of the Evil One. (*Nossa Senhora dos Dolos* deliver thee from his toils!) Well know ye that I love ye all as daughters; and if for thee, my child, I have so far sinned as to feel a greater love than for thy sisters in the service of the blessed *Sant' Antonia*, I can but pray to be forgiven that sin: for truly thy uncomplaining sorrow, thy gentle, meek endurance, hath won greatly upon my heart. I know that the world hath cares and struggles of which I have but a vague and faint

* My daughter.

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idea; and I doubt me not that they have pressed heavily upon thee, (the holy martyrs be thy comfort!) but now, my child, all these things are past—all is peace about thee—thou should'st pray, when thou art beset by repining memories; hou should'st wrestle with the iniquity of discontent—thou should'st—but why do I tell thee all this? no one of the sisterhood knows better how to serve *Sant' Antonia*, (all praise be to her holy name!) than sister Agnes"—

And, as the good Abbess paused from sheer want of breath to continue her harangue, the pale nun whom she addressed folded her wasted arms upon her breast, and bowed her head meekly, in acknowledgment of the gentleness of her rebuke.

"Thou hast heard, doubtless, my daughter;" resumed the garrulous and good-humoured superior, after a moment's silence; "how sister Carlotta was wedded to the world, when the pious *Conde* her father, vowed her to the service of *Sant' Antonia;* and how she resisted the holy designs of her parents, until the *Condessa* wept bitterly, and whispered a few words in her ear, in the

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parlour of the novices: and truly the effect of those few words was wonderful, for the obedient child threw herself upon her knees, and, taking a golden chain with some ornament attached to it, from her bosom, where it had been previously concealed, she put it into the hands of her mother, and became as passive as a lamb; nor did her voice faulter as she joined in the chaunt of the choir, on the day of her profession — and that will be three years ago in another month."

"*Quittadinia!* * sighed out her listener "I fear me, my mother, that the suffering sister will, ere the lapse of another, be laid in the chapel-vault."

"Holy Maria! what mean you?" asked the agitated Abbess.

"Simply that her heart is broken;" was the reply, * "*naô ha duvida nisso*—you may rely on my judgment," she added, with a faint smile: "I know the marks of the malady."

"She has never complained;" pursued the Abbadessa.

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* Poor thing. † There is no doubt of it.

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"Had not complaint been worse than idle, my mother, where even anguish had failed? Trust me, the deepest sorrow hath the fewest words—the pang which gnaws away the heart-strings silently, is the surest to work out its evil. To you, dearest mother, this may appear incomprehensible, but to the wretched——"

"And thou too in tears, Agnes? * *los santos bemaventurados* comfort me! what evil influence is upon our house? And we have sister Julianna sick in the Infirmary, and sister Febronia bed-ridden with the rheumatism—when has the *Conventa de Sant' Antonia* been so visited by sorrow?"

"Nay, *minha mâi*, grieve not for these minor evils; the good sister Julianna hath but partaken too freely of the *pombos* † and *patas*, ‡ with which your indulgence hath regaled the sisterhood of late; and Febronia is very aged; her existence has long been but a mere living death—it is for poor Carlotta that you should weep."

"And thyself, my daughter?"

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* The blessed saints. † Pigeons. ‡ Geese.

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"Mourn not for me, mother; mine is no sorrow in which tears may avail."

"I would fain comfort thee;" said the kind superior, as she looked up enquiringly.

Agnes shook her head;* "*Naô fareis nada com isso*, my kind mother."

"I could at least sorrow with thee, my withered lily—I could share the grief which, alas! with all my power within these walls, I cannot quench." And the aged woman looked kindly and tenderly towards her companion, and a tear rested on her cheek.

"You could—you shall"—at length gasped out the nun; "sorrow there may indeed be within this breast; deep, and deadly, and undying sorrow; but believe me, holy mother"—And she threw herself on her knees before the Abbess; "there is no shame."

"I believe thee, my child; yes, even as I have faith in Our Lady, have I faith in thee, Agnes—purer soul never bowed before the shrine of *Nossa Senhora da Piedade*;† I needed not thy assurance of a fact so palpable."

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*You can do nothing in this. † Our Lady of Piety.

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The weeping sister did but raise the hand of the Abbess to her lips; she shrank, for awhile, even from the gaze of the kind eyes which rested on her; but after a time she whispered hoarsely, "Not yet, mother, not yet; the bell will soon ring out for vespers—I shall be calmer when I have prayed."

"The Saints be with thee in thy orisons;" murmured the Abbess; and they parted without another word.

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"Saw ye ever a fairer scene than this, my daughter?" asked the *Abbadessa*, as, at the close of the vesper service, she seated herself, in her well-padded and well-cushioned chair, within the bay of the vast window of her private room, and motioned the Lady Agnes to a low stool at her side: "is not the finger of the Eternal Architect visibly impressed on all around?

And rightly was the question asked—mighty masses of rock, tinged with the hundred tints

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of the setting sun, gleamed and glistened in the gorgeous light, like jewel-mines laid bare; vineyards, and corn-fields—a placid river, and a massive pine wood—orange-groves, and stretches of olive, and fig trees—a teeming earth—and a glorious sky ever canopying this rich scene of beauty, burst on the eye at once.

"It *is*, indeed, a sight to make the heart glad:" was the reply. "Mother, it is sad that man should mar such a world as this—and look you," she added, as the nuns singly or in parties wandered forth into the convent gardens to inhale the delicious air of evening, and to breathe the breath of the sweet flowers which flourished beneath their careful tending: "look you, how pure, how innocent, man *might* have been—living among simple pleasures—indulging merely in innocent delights—knowing only those summer sorrows, which, like the passing vapours of a sunny sky, but render the succeeding blue denser, and more delicious.—See our young and lovely Francisca; she is sporting fearlessly among her bees, for she knows that for her the little insects have no sting.—And Clara, the

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gayest of our sisterhood, she is mimicing the song of the foreign bird which is caged yonder among the orange-boughs. — Christina is walking pensively apart: she is endeavouring to devise some new medicine for the sick, some new comfort for the suffering: — how beautiful she looks, mother, as she moves along among the trees!—hers is a saintly beauty."

"*O Sagrado Coraçao de Maria** was scarcely more full of pity than her own, replied the aged woman: "in truth they are a goodly flock: (*Nossa Senhora do Monte do Carmo* grant that the shepherd may not fail them!) but thou art tardy with thy tale, my child."

"I am, mother, I am—it is a tale I never thought to tell—it lingers on my tongue—it presses on my spirit."

"Nay, if it pain thee, Agnes—"

"No, holy mother; the struggle to myself will yet but poorly pay your unfailing tenderness—the wretched wife of the Marquis Agostinho has no other means of proving her earnest gratitude to the friend who loves her — the

* The bleeding heart of Mary.

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heart-stricken Sister Agnes knows not how otherwise to prove her respectful devotion for the blessed Abbess of the Bernardines."——

"Mother, I was young, very young; yet in the first bloom of girlhood, when my father married me to the proud and aged Marquis Agostinho — that hateful marriage or the cloister were my alternative, for I was one of many daughters; and in consideration of my youth, my high birth, and my beauty—(for I was fair *then*) the withered Fidalgo consented to receive me portionless—girl as I was, I shrank alike from both prospects; but looking on the veil as on a shroud, I chose rather to become the wife of a man whom I loathed, than to encounter a living death—"

"Our Lady assoin thee for the sin!" murmured out the *Abbadessa*.

"Little thought I then that I should fly to the cloister, as a babe rushes to the bosom of its mother—" pursued the narrator: "I but looked forward to a life of unloved and unloving indifference—I guessed not the bitterness—the anguish—the undying misery, of the lot which

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I selected. I became his wife — the wife of a man whose heart was chilled by age — whose form was withered — whose temper was soured — and whose only earthly affections were centred in the two sons of his earlier and happier marriage. I had not then seen those sons, mother; *ó prouvera a Deos!** that I had indeed never seen them!"

"*Los Santos vos ajude*—"† apostrophised the listener.

"When I became the reluctant wife of their father;" continued the nun, "they were both absent; Luiz was a student at Coimbra, and Gonzaga was with the army in a distant province—the younger, the gentler of the brothers ere long returned to his paternal home — I will not weary you by attempting his portraiture—"

"Nay, my child," interposed the simple Abbess; "I pray you tell your tale fully—I would ask of you to let me see the persons of whom you speak, as nearly as you may, in their proper likeness.—In truth, I am perchance some-

* Would to God.

† The Saints assist you.

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what curious in this matter, for in my long life I have known but three of the sex, when I except my father and my brothers, and the holy brotherhood of Alcobaça, of whom it were sinful to think as men; (*Nossa Senhora da Piedade* pardon me for the iniquitous allusion!) and they were aged and unlovely; and all unlike the graceful forms emblazoned in our missals—check not then your humour; for there is little fear that I shall weary of the narrative."

A smile rose to the lips even of the spirit-broken Agnes; but she made no comment on the command of her single-hearted superior. "As you will, my mother;" she said meekly; "Luiz, then, was destined for the cloister—he had determined to become a Carmelite—"

"*Olá!*"* ejaculated the astonished Abbess, "and he the son of a *Fidalgo!* Why chose he not the Holy Order of the Bernardines? Why went he not to the thrice-blessed monastery of Alcobaça, the richest community in Portugal?"

"In truth, dear mother, I know not; I never

* Lackaday.

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heard—but I confess my sin, that when I looked upon Luiz, I grieved that he should have doomed himself to a monastic life. He was so calm, so stately in his beauty — his voice was so deep and musical—his every motion so graceful—his look so gentle—his temper so bland—that I sighed as I contrasted him with his father—as I felt and saw how well-fitted he was to make the happiness of others as well as his own.—Mother, I wrong Luiz by the coarseness of this outline—words can convey no idea of such a nature—of such a form as his."—

"You loved him, daughter?" asked the Abbess, with more interest than severity.

"Our Lady is my witness *how* I loved him!—with all the strength of a blighted heart—with all the purity of a sister's affection. Not a thought, not a wish, of which he was the subject, grew in *my* breast, on which the blessed saints might not have smiled—my love for him was misery, not passion. The air he breathed was to me perfume the scene in which we met was sunshine; but I shunned him not, for I was unconscious of evil; my eye sank not beneath

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his, for no upbraiding voice whispered to me that there was peril in the communion—but, Mother, when he was sick or absent, I was most wretched —This could not last for ever—it did not, alas! it did not—*His* hand withdrew the veil, *his* lips betrayed the secret—he loved me! *Me*, his father's wife—loved me as his own existence—better than his own soul, for he perilled the eternal welfare of that soul to win me to his heart.—Mother, you are now aged, and your life has been one of peace—*You* cannot understand the struggle of that hour! He stood before me in his stately beauty, but its pride was gone—his large, dark, searching eyes were turned on me, but there were tears in them—the tears of earthly passion—of deadly sin! His lip quivered, his voice shook—surely, surely, he could not have been answerable for the madness of that hour.—For *me* he would have foresworn all—his home, his country, his unsullied name—and his eternal welfare—"

"*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*" murmured the trembling Abbess.

"We awoke from the dream of sin at once:"

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thus the tale proceeded. "I, even while my heart bled for him and for myself, reproached him for his treachery to his father, for his insult to me—and he, on his knees—aye, on those knees, which had never before bent to mortal—he prayed me to forgive him. I *did* forgive him, Mother; we wept together, and when we parted, he vowed never again to look upon the face of woman. I had commenced a portrait of him as an offering to his stern father.—I have often thought, since that day, that some secret feeling, at which I had never even guessed, prompted me to an undertaking which necessarily compelled us to be together for hours: be that, however, as it may, out of that simple circumstance did I educe my own self-inflicted penance; in solitude and tears I made a copy of that portrait; but I replaced the velvet vest and plumed hat of my first picture, by the coarse robe and shaven crown of a Carmelite. I placed this painting in my oratory; and earnestly, ardently did I pray to be delivered from the thrall of my unholy love—my prayers were heard: Luiz departed for his monastery: we never met again.

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He became celebrated for his fasts, his vigils, and his voluntary acts of severe and untiring penance—for his eloquence in the pulpit, his justice in the confessional, and his zeal among the unbelieving. Merciless to himself, to others he was all mercy — pure in heart, (for oh! he must, he did soon, repent the passing sin of his youth) and humble in spirit, he had pity for the sinner, and patience with the proud—He lived a martyr, Mother, and he died a saint!"

"Died!" echoed the sympathising auditor; "did the holy brother die so soon?"

"*He* thought the hour but too long in coming:" was the low-breathed reply; "they say that he smiled as he expired; and I love to believe it true."

"*Sinto isso na alma;*"* said the Abbadessa, wiping away the tears which were falling on her cheek. "Alas! my child, and was this to live in the world—how blest then have I been! (to *Nossa Senhora de Jesus* be all praise)—no won-

* It touches my very soul.

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der that thy brow is pale, and thine eye is sad—*Quittadinia!* and the young soldier, Agnes, the absent Dom Gonzaga?"

"Alas! holy Mother; he was not absent long—he came home wounded, and I nursed him with the care and the gentleness which he had a right to claim from his father's wife."

"And I would wager the produce of the next year's vintage, that he, too, loved our pale and pious sister!"

"You have guessed rightly, Mother: woe is me, he did!"

"And was he tall and stately, like the Carmelite? Were his tones as musical, his looks as kind?"

"Mother—the one was a dove, the other was an eagle:—the one loved me deeply—in his heart's core:—the other ardently, with his passion ever upon his lips. I have told you what *he* was from whom I had parted for ever: now, then, imagine his antipodes—an eye all fire, a form all elasticity—reckless, passionate—fearless of man, and of man's Maker.—Luiz had made me miserable, Gonzago only made me

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desperate: I had pitied the passion of his brother: perhaps, I had, in my sin, done more than pitied it: but his I spurned as though it were pollution. I heeded not the perfection of form and feature on which, in his blindness, his infatuated father so fondly prided himself—I was deaf to his entreaties — I laughed at his desperate threatenings — I shunned him, as I would have shunned a loathsome reptile. He meanly taunted me with my mercenary marriage — he enumerated with bitter cruelty the many imperfections of the man whom I had chosen—had chosen!—Mother, I fear me that had I beheld an assembled world willing to abide by my selection, Agostinho, wealthy and haughty as he was, had been the last on whom I should have smiled. He told me that I had sold myself for gold—I replied not to the humbling accusation; I only wept. Then, with passionate vehemence, he cursed himself that he had caused those tears; and besought me to pardon the temporary madness."

"*Santa Virgem!*" murmured the Abbess, "I should have fled my home."

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"And whither, *minha Mâi*, would you have flown?"

"To the Cloister, my daughter; far, far from such Satanic scenes as those—to the Altar—to the protection of a Holy roof—"

"And did I not so?" whispered the Lady Agnes hoarsely, as she knelt meekly before the Abbess, and kissed the floor at her feet: "am I not a sister of *Sant'Antonia*? a daughter of the pious *Abbadessa* of the Bernardines?"

"My poor heart-broken child!" murmured the aged woman, placing her hand solemnly on the head of the kneeling nun. "Our Lady of the Crucifixion bind up thy wounds, and heal thy suffering spirit! — and thy husband, daughter."—

"He is in his grave, and his name is extinct. Gonzaga—how shall I tell the tale?—Gonzaga in his madness told him *all*—his love, and my unlooked-for resolution — and the old man's heart was broken — he conjured me to forego my purpose; but in my agony of spirit I had vowed to St. Bernard that I would dedicate my poor remnant of life to piety and

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prayer—and I have kept my vow: ere I left my home, I learnt that Gonzaga had already quitted it—the next intelligence was still more strange: he had taken the vows in the same monastery of which his pious brother was then the boast and pride: and this last blow felled the wretched father to the earth. I came not here, Mother, as a wife, flying from a hated home; but as a widow, for whom that home existed no longer: I came not hurriedly, so soon as I had laid the head of Agostinho in the grave—I lingered for awhile, and for a purpose so singular, that I cannot even to my own heart account for the feeling which suggested it—*isso já lá, vài:* * in my agony of heart, I determined, ere I quitted the roof of my dead husband, to trace from memory the portraiture of Gonzaga, even as I had wrought that of his brother, in the habit of a Carmelite: and to inscribe on the inner side of the canvass the fearful story of their fortunes—I persisted, Mother, though my soul sickened at the task—but when the work was accomplished, too soon I discovered that I looked

* 'Tis a thing past and done.

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upon the two pictures with very different feelings—the sin of the brothers had been the same; but my horror of their separate crime was fearfully unequal. It was a bitter truth, and I mourned over it in penance and in prayer, while I resolved never to look on them again—in my desolation I confided all to my Confessor, and he, Our Lady be praised! found a remedy for my sick soul: his nephew was even then preparing for his profession at Alcobaça; and by him were these memorials of the ill-fated sons of the Marquis Agostinho presented to the Monastery, for the adorning of the holy chapel of the Novices; they had been wrought in trembling and in tears —meet offerings were they for the shrine of the Flagellation!"

"*Ha homens taô malvados!*" said the wondering Superior: "yet it seems strange to me, my daughter, that Dom Gonzaga, the elder of the brothers—a noble, and a soldier, should turn Carmelite, even as his gentler kinsman had done? heard you ever how this chanced?"

"Most simply, Mother; he poured the tale

* There are men so wicked.

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of his unholy passion into the ear of Luiz—he went to him for consolation and for council—Alas! he did but seek a medicament at the hands of one who had himself vainly sought for it among men: when the brothers wept upon each other's neck, there was no secret between them; and the haughty and imperious soldier became a convert to the arguments of the holy and humble monk. For sin like their's there was but one remedy—from sorrow like their's there was but one refuge."—

"*Nossa Senhora Mâi de Deos* delivered them miraculously from the power of the Evil One!" cried the Abbess, devoutly crossing herself—"how sublime a miracle did she work in their conversion! and thou hast been singularly favoured also, my daughter.—*Sancta Maria!* 'tis a fearful world!"

* * * *

* * * *

"It was ever said after the conference of that evening, *Minha Senhora;*" said the bright-eyed *menina*, who told me the tale: "that the holy Abbess of the Bernardines loved the gentle

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sister Agnes beyond all the nuns of her *Convento:* but she lived not long to enjoy this affection—she soon slept in the chapel-vault; and my grandmother often told us that she died like a flower; slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees—and that, faded as she had long been in life, she was to the full as fair when she lay sleeping the last sleep in her burial-shroud."

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A SOURCE AND A SORTIE.

We took a guide, and started to explore the source of the river Alcoa; intending to proceed at once to Leiria from that point. The country was, as usual, perfectly beautiful; and the roads as perfectly execrable. Our guide was a shrewd, intelligent man; but who, nevertheless, did not appear to have had wit enough to take care of himself in some recent fray, as his head was bound up, and one of his eyes tinged a shade or two deeper than the other—of course by *a fall*. We soon, however, discovered by his conver-

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sation that he was *star muito amigo do bom vinho*,* and we consequently ventured to attribute his disfigurement to a different cause. He was, as he declared to us, particularly partial to the English, and *muito amigo do George Ré*† also; which was a highly-gratifying assurance from a gentleman in his circumstances, with his rags fluttering in the breeze, and barefooted into the bargain. He next hazarded some comments on the principles and politics of Mr. Canning, whom he had probably seen when he visited the monastery, but as we considered them to be rather *im*pertinent than pertinent, we did not encourage him on the subject.

Part of our road was rocky and difficult; but even here, wherever there was earth enough to cover their roots, lovely wild flowers were blooming in little coloured groupes—pink and white heaths, with their graceful swan-like bells quivering in the breeze, ringing a fairy chime unheard by mortal ears—various beautiful ferns—gum-cistus in endless varieties, springing, as it seemed, from a carpet of its own scattered blossoms, tempting

* Very fond of wine. † Very fond of *George Rex!*

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you by its beauty, and disappointing you by its frailty—and a profusion of that sweet flower which is to me the fairest that unfolds its petals to the breath of heaven, the Forget-me-not; this living turquoise is brighter, richer, and more luxuriant in Portugal than with us, losing perhaps, something of its simplicity, but gaining ten-fold beauty, *en revanche*. After a short ride, we reached the river, which is so extremely clear that you can distinguish every pebble over which it flows; and so very shallow in places that it may be forded at the expense of a very slender portion of nerve. The pellucid water looked so deliciously tempting, as it sparkled and shivered under the sun-beams, that I rather sympathised with, than marvelled at, the inclination evinced by the mule which I rode, when it made a very earnest attempt at a bath, just as we reached the centre of the river; not having, however, any inclination for an immersion *en costume*, I was obliged to exert my own authority, backed by the riding-whips of my companions, and compel the disappointed animal to forego the indulgence.

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Having crossed the ford, we pursued our way among masses of rock which, at length, became so formidable as to render the further progress of the animals dangerous, if not impossible; we accordingly dismounted, and proceeded on foot to the source. The first view of the river itself is extremely uninteresting, being merely a small sheet of water, which, until you look closely, appears to be perfectly stagnant for a considerable distance; but this very circumstance enhances the beauty of the bold scenery by which it is encompassed, and which is reflected on its smooth surface, as in a vast mirror. The rock from whose recess the water issues is of a very singular character; not broken into masses like those which we had passed on our way, and presenting bold and unequal surfaces, rent as by a convulsion of the elements; but piled, as it were, layer on layer, each preserving its identity, and seeming rather the effect of art than the production of nature. After a time, as you follow the stream along its bank, it gradually widens, and becomes visibly rapid, falling over the fragments of stone which choak its channel in twenty pigmy ava-

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lanches, which give a spirit and animation to the scene that render it truly delightful.

Quitting the river bank, at the suggestion of our guide, and surmounting the barrier of rock which shuts in the river, we proceeded to explore a very fine natural well, by the sight of which, he assured us that we should be highly gratified, notwithstanding the time and difficulty necessary to obtain it; it required no great exertion of either, and after a few little mishaps, which created considerably more laughter than lamentation, we descended through a chasm of the rock, and stood at the mouth of the very singular cave containing the well. The roof and sides were beautifully lined with stalactites, and presented a fine perspective, curiously divided into natural arches, as it extended for a considerable way into the heart of the rock. The water was as clear as chrystal, and as cold as ice, singularly pure in taste, and evidently immense in quantity, although we could see the white pebbles and the yellow sand which formed its bed. The effect of sound within the cave was wonderful—the tone of a moderately exerted voice swelled into thun-

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der, as it rolled deafeningly into the depths of the cavern, which was still unexplored, being one continuous sheet of water, and contracting in the distance so considerably as to preclude the passage of a human body, although with a strong light, it was impossible to distinguish its termination. We greatly regretted that we were unprovided with a torch, to enable us to see in perfection this granite hall, with its chrystalline floor, and roof of inverted diamond cones; it must, by torch light, have embodied the gorgeous imaginings of the Eastern story-tellers.

"There are some strange tales told of the *lago da penhá*, * *minha Senhorá*," said the guide, as we stood earnestly but vainly endeavouring to pry into the far recesses of the cavern: "the place is *poco santo*,† if all that is said about it be true—I know one story myself of a *frade malvado* ‡ who was sold to the Evil One, and who paid the purchase money on this very spot, which I will tell to the *Senhora* if she wishes it."

"Why this is too bad!" I exclaimed, "it was

* Literally, rock-lake. † Not very holy.
‡ Wicked monk.

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but the other day at Leiria, that I listened to a nursery-tale all romance and impossibility; and now you threaten me with a Demon-Monk! Is there no gentler memory attached to such a spot as this?"

"*Nao ha duvida nisso;* * but I know only that one: the *Senhora* is not obliged to listen to it."

"You mistake me, my friend," I replied hastily, "I quite agree with the spirit of your good old proverb, *quem quando póde, naô quer, quando quer, naô póde.*" †

"Ha! the *Senhora* is polite:" said the peasant, conciliated at once by the simple fact of my quoting a national and popular saw; "I will not be less so—and if the tale prove not so pleasant as some to which the *Senhora* may have listened, it will, perhaps, be in a great degree the fault of the narrator."

We seated ourselves on the rocky fragments which were strewn around the mouth of the cavern—and the tale was told.

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* There is no doubt of it.

† He who will not when he may, &c.

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We left this romantic and really beautiful scene with much regret, and the more precipitately that one of the party discovered that he had left some of his personal property behind him at Alcobaça; thitherward we accordingly retraced our steps, and arrived in the town just in time to accompany the rector to the parish-church, to witness the ceremonial of a Portuguese wedding. When we entered, the bride-elect was on her knees between her two bride-maids; all three were dressed in black silk, and wore large cloaks with the hoods drawn over their heads, and long black veils beneath them. The youngest lady of the party sported a pair of white cotton stockings, and pale blue satin shoes, which was the only attempt at finery amongst them. The bridegroom wore a cloak of brown cloth, with gilt buttons on the shoulders. I never saw a more anti-bridal costume.

As we entered the church, each of the gentlemen was presented with a long wax candle ornamented with painted flowers and gold leaf, which he held lighted during the whole of the ceremony. The matrimonial rites were very

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simple; the contracting parties followed the rector to the extreme end of the aisle, close to the door of entrance — a short prayer was read —the lady repeated a few Latin sentences after the priest—and the gentleman followed her example—one hand of each, during this portion of the ceremony, being covered up, clasped together in the *Sotana** of the priest; these, at the conclusion of what we supposed to be the mutual vow of acceptance, he sprinkled with holy water; the ladies then knelt down *at the church door*, while the bridegroom and his friends followed the rector to the altar, where they remained for about two minutes, when the bridegroom very deliberately walked out of the church followed by his two companions, scattering *doces*† as they went, to a crowd of dirty children who thronged the entrance — and thus he made his exit in a manner as anti-bridal as his costume, leaving the ladies to follow as they might!— and these people we were told, were highly respectable, and tolerably wealthy.

It is not only possible but extremely probable

* Surplice. † Sweetmeats.

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that this couple had never exchanged a word in their lives; it being considered in Portugal as the height of indecorum, even for an accepted lover to visit at the house of his mistress, save in the lower ranks, where convenience is the step-dame of custom.

As a proof of this fact, I will adduce the instance of a family on which (on our return from Coimbra) we were quartered, at the town of Villa Franca. The head of the house was a widower, and the father of four daughters; the elder of whom was married to an attorney, the other three being still resident under the paternal roof. They were the least attractive specimens of '*le sexe*' that I ever remember to have seen, with the same advantages of station and respectablity; Daniel Lambert, *en jupon* would scarce have exceeded the elder in weight and circumference; the second was like a leaf of dried tobacco, as long, as thin, as tawny and as uninteresting; and the younger had a form like a feather pillow, and a face like a sheep!

The centre grace was a bride-elect; and in a fit of extreme courtesy, she one day asked me if

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I should like to see her *namorado*.* Of course I expressed a becoming anxiety on the subject, and I was desired to hold myself in readiness at six o'clock that evening. I confess that I was somewhat curious to see the suitor of such a mistress, and I accordingly promised to be punctual. Six o'clock came, and I was astonished on walking into the apartment usually occupied by the family, to find the fair one alone; who, having embraced me, led me to a chair in the balcony, and established herself as my *vis-a-vis*. She then carefully drew the Venetian blind over the balcony, leaving us visible only from the two extremities of the said screen. All this ceremony was perfectly enigmatical to me, and I began to apprehend that I was to have the honor and happiness of being number three (and consequently *une de trop!*) in a thorough love-scene; with this fear before my eyes, I ventured to enquire whether we should not be more conveniently situated in the room than the balcony: but the lady looked quite astonished, as she demanded in her turn, how she should be able to see *him;* and worse

* Lover.

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still, how he would be able to see *her*, if we were not in the balcony when he passed.

"Is he not then coming to visit you?" I enquired in my ignorance, as I surveyed her careful *coiffure*, her clean dress, and the tale-telling carnation in her bosom.

She looked at me for a moment in perfect astonishment; and then coolly informed me that in Portugal, holding any intercourse with the man whom you were to marry was a thing unheard of—that she had never spoken to her intended husband in her life—but—that he every day sent a carnation to her; which she wore in her bosom each evening at the hour when she expected him to pass the house, as a proof that his attentions were agreeable to her. And she assured me that nothing would offend her so much, as his allowing the weather, be it what it might; business, be it never so important; or any occupation, be it as agreeable as heart could wish; to interfere with his punctuality in the performance of this duty. The first time she should resent the neglect by omitting to wear his *cravo* * on the morrow: and the second deri-

* Carnation.

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lection from gallantry would infallibly subject him to final and irrevocable dismission.

At this period of the conversation the *Senhor* made his appearauce—took off his hat as gravely as though he had been passing a funeral, and—walked on! The lady on her side, bowed and smiled; and then continued calmly to enlighten me on the subject of Portuguese courtship. She informed me, among other equally interesting particulars, that I now knew the reason why she did not comb out her hair, and wash her face when she rose in a morning, for both which indelicate habits I had frequently chidden her—she always put off her ablutions and their concomitant ceremonies until five o'clock, in order that she might look nice and fresh when she met the passing glance of her *namorado!* This was of course an unanswerable argument; and having remarked that the *lover* (!) was a little ill-looking fellow, and decidedly many years younger than herself, I asked her whether she did not feel unhappy at the idea of marrying a man of whom she knew nothing. The reply to this question was as sensible to the full as her previous

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reasoning had been: — she liked the match extremely, for her intended husband was much more wealthy than the person who had married her sister, and she should consequently be enabled to dress better, and to give larger parties; besides which, single women were not allowed to attend the assemblies at *Villa Franca*, and she was very fond of dancing.

All this being extremely satisfactory, I had only one more question to ask: How had he ventured to propose for her? That, also, was easily explained; he was settled in life, and his friends were anxious that he should marry—her father having ascertained the fact, and knowing that he had *muito deneiro*,* had offered her to his family; which offer, as she had a fortune of four thousand *crusada novos* † they had joyfully accepted!

It is a singular fact that when, in Portugal, a lady is reputed to have such, or such a fortune, it is perfectly understood that she has not actually that sum in money; but previously to the marriage, a friend is appointed by each family, and

* Plenty of money. † Half-crowns.

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these two individuals value the bride's trinkets, clothes, and every article, however trifling, which belongs to her; and the father, when their value is thus ascertained and decided on, makes up the deficiency of her reputed property in specie!

I have made a long digression, and must now return to Alcobaça. As we left the church, a messenger arrived to inform the gentlemen that the Prior wished particularly to see them before they left the town. They accordingly once more repaired to the monastery, when he mentioned to them that about three weeks previously, an Englishman had arrived at the monastery, mounted on a donkey, who told them that he was a Captain in the Tenth Hussars! They received him with their usual courtesy; and he accounted for his incongruous mode of travelling by informing them that he was absent from his regiment for the purpose of sketching; and was extremely desirous to possess some good drawings of their beautiful abbey. They were of course highly flattered; and the gallant and accomplished Hussar had accordingly favoured the community

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with his distinguished society, and the sight of his superb *mustache* for the last three weeks; not, however, without having impressed on them, or at least endeavoured to do so, an idea of his extreme consequence, by finding fault with every thing, even to the very grooming of his donkey!

This highly-favoured animal, he rode, as he condescendingly explained to the Prior, on account of the great convenience of being enabled to sketch from its back; or, in the event of his being induced to dismount, its quiet propensities leading it to amuse itself by botanising by the way-side without distracting his attention, which his *charger* would constantly have done, being

"High of blood—impatient of restraint:"

He was, in short, a very great man.

When this accomplished gentleman saw our horses led into the stable-yard, he mounted his donkey forthwith, and went out to sketch with so much enthusiasm that he did not make his appearance again until we had started to explore the source of the river; when, understanding

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that we had finally departed, and were fairly out of his way, he returned with beast and book to his old quarters. The Prior, who had long been weary of his assumption and arrogance, and who had begun to imagine that he was fairly rid of his troublesome guest, was struck by the singularity of the circumstance; and resolved to ascertain whether he really was he person whom he represented himself to be. We subsequently remembered to have seen the name of this man written in several places on the cloister walls: and perfectly recollected that *John Charles Adolphus* were the three christian names —the *nom de famille* had escaped us all, but it was aristocratic enough to be worthy of the bearer.

The astonishment of the *Hussar* was great when he was presented to his countrymen, *Cara a cara, corpo a corpo,* * as the Prior whimsically expressed it, and he looked as though he would have given both his donkey and his drawings to escape; he did not even attempt to continue the deceit, but begged hard for

* Face to face, body to body.

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mercy; alledging that he was an artist travelling in his vocation, with slender means, and invincible perseverance; and that he had assumed the name and style (?) of a Captain of Hussars to render his welcome at the monastery the more assured.

His sketch-book was examined, and proved that he had certainly not lost his time, as it contained some very fine views of the abbey and its neighbourhood; indeed, there could not be a doubt that the man either was, or had been, an artist. He was nevertheless taken to the jail, and locked up; but the Prior, who only wished to get rid of him, and the inhabitants of the town, who had been much amused both by himself and his donkey, all pleaded so strenuously in his behalf, that he was liberated on condition of his leaving Alcobaça within an hour. This he joyfully promised to do, and accordingly mounted his donkey, and with his sketch-book under his arm, bade adieu for ever to the good cheer of the monastery.

It was certainly a strange *Incognito* for a

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Captain of Hussars; but the *mustache* and the long spurs had done wonders.

We afterwards recognized this worthy at Belem; and ascertained that he had been *groom* to an officer in his favourite corps.

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THE DEMON MONK!

A LEGEND OF THE ALCOA.

It is many, many years ago, beyond the memory of the grandsire of the oldest man in the province, that the pious Father Henrique disappeared from his monastery, and passed away like a midsummer storm. The consternation of the Prior was great, and a Chapter of the Order was convoked, for Father Henrique had been the holiest monk of the community; his was the knee which bent the longest in prayer; and his the voice which sounded loudest in the choir; nor was his loss

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less appalling without, than within, the cloister; for the holy father was confessor to many noble ladies who could ill brook to make a second confidant; and never were more frequent or more earnest prayers offered up, than for his re-appearance; more candles vowed to Our Lady and the blessed saints—or more eyes upturned in wonder and in enquiry. The princely family of Cintra de Toro grieved longer and more deeply than any: the *Marqueza* wept and bewailed herself as though she had lost a child; and her noble husband shut himself for many days into his apartment.

Time, however, wore away, and it was rumoured that the young and beautiful Donna Teresa, the daughter of that haughty house, had disappeared at the same time as the missing monk; when, just as the rumour gained ground, the *comadres* were put to the blush by the attendance of the young beauty at mass: pale, very pale, but nevertheless as lovely and as gentle as ever.

Some of those who had been the loudest and the most persevering in circulating the injurious

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report, crossed themselves devoutly, and became thenceforward the most strenuous in contradicting the rumour; while others, who had originally said less, only shook their heads, and prayed the saints that all might turn out as it should be!

And where, during all this time, was the monk?

The young Count Henrique de Bento was in the full rush of popularity, the full pursuit of pleasure, when the wife of his puny and paralytic elder brother, of whose very existence, so precarious and profitless did it appear, he never even thought, gave birth to a son—and Henrique sank at once, from the presumptive heir of immense wealth, into the pennyless younger brother of a noble house. For a time he could not be made to comprehend the extent of the evil; he laughed scornfully when they told him of the birth of his young nephew.

"The worthy son of a worthy father, doubtless;" he said, without withdrawing his eyes from the diamond-hilted *adaga* * which he was placing in his embroidered girdle; "and for how

* Dagger.

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long a life hath he stipulated? and for how brave an one? Is he to be a sandalled friar, or an armed warrior? Sooth to say, he comes of powerful parentage!" and in his proud blindness of heart he scoffed at the ruin which was about to overwhelm him.

The child grew, and throve apace; and then, indeed, the scornful Count began to contemplate his position with less placidity. Of his feeble brother he could entertain no rational apprehension, but here was a new and a more formidable barrier to his heirship. Heavy was the blow to his pride, but deeper was the shock to his affections: volatile and vain as he was, he had become sincerely enamoured of the Lady Teresa de Toro, and he knew too well the proud and ambitious character of her father to hope that he would listen for a moment to a poor and penyless suitor.. Yet, in the recklessness of his passion he essayed the venture, and was repulsed with scorn!

This was too much; and not even the tears of Teresa could counteract the maddening effect of her lordly parent's scoff. "It is well," he

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said to himself, "the world has done with me—*esta feito* *—I must try another path—love rejects me; it is possible to make a joy of hate—earth hears not my entreaties—heaven may be won by prayers—*seja muito embora* †—it is well worth the venture—it hath been pleasant enough, of a verity, to be a sinner, but it may chance to be more profitable to become a saint—Henrique de Bento, it is but two srides from the cloister to the crosier."

And the gay Count became a Bernardine.

The luxurious brotherhood marvelled; the indulgent Prior expostulated—all was vain—and it was palpable to every inhabitant of the hamlet that the young, and pious, and handsome Father Henrique was on the highway to canonization.

Out upon it! 'tis a misjudging world. What knew the good gossips of the neighbourhood of the fancies, the imaginings, of the monk's solitude? Is every lip that smiles the portal of a happy heart? Is every knee that bends the symbol of a pious spirit? There may be more

* Be it so. † Let it be so.

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sin in silence, than in the outcry of a multitude: and it was even so here. The worshipped friar smiled bitterly at the dupes he made; but his proud nature could not rest satisfied with such purblind homage. He hated the world that it had thrust him forth, and himself that he had tamely suffered it. He loathed the strength of mind, and power of body which only mocked him by their fettered impotence. He laughed in defiance at the violence of passions whose every indulgence was sin. He resolved to free himself from so poor, so pitiful a thrall. But how?

None ever asked the question who had to linger long for a reply.

It were vain, after such a lapse of years, to decide on the means which were adopted by the Bernardine to effect his purpose—we have already said that he disappeared mysteriously from among the community; we have likewise hinted that the lady Teresa de Tora disappeared also. But has it not been stated that she returned to her home? Even so: pale, attenuated, withered like a blossom which the sun had touched too fiercely, had she returned; and not long after-

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wards she became the bride of the Duque do Vouga—the Evil One is a subtle adversary—the gold with which he bribes has been known to turn to cinders beneath the touch.

There grew a whispering that a manly and magnificent Fidalgo, coming no one knew whence, and living no one knew how, had appeared in the province; who resembled Father Henrique so remarkably, that had not his luxuriant, and ostentatiously arranged *coiffure* negatived every suspicion at once, some busy spirits would have had their own misgivings of the identity of the two individuals: but the proud Fidalgo bore not the slightest vestige of a shaven crown; and it was palpable at once that no mortal means could, in so short a space of time, have removed its trace so utterly.

What a life of *faste*, of luxury, and of excess, was that of the stranger noble! but it was remarked that no mendicant ever found relief within his gates: and the more pious the prayer with which they petitioned for aid, the more rudely were they repulsed by the insolent and pampered menials.

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These, too, were strangers in the land; men of dark complexions and flashing eyes, of hasty natures, and of voluble utterance, bowing their servile bodies to the dust in obedience to every mandate of their haughty lord, but rude alike of speech and action to all around them.

There were not wanting many who found charms in the wealth of the polished and profuse stranger, which made them assiduously court his society and friendship. The former he accorded to all who sought it; the latter he conceded only to one individual. The *Visconde de Rebello* was that individual. Young, handsome, haughty and fearless, he seemed the very prototype of the mysterious noble; when they first met, *Rebello* had lost every *moeda*, and was still standing with all the bitterness of a baffled gamester, marking the chances of the game, as those who had possessed either better funds or brighter fortune still pursued their intoxicating occupation.

"*O diabo lhe leve!*" * he muttered between his teeth, "had I but fifty, nay, but a score of

† The Devil take it.

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moedas, I could retrieve all my losses in an hour —I have been playing like a blind man—but I can see clearly now—*que bello sujeito !* * and now it is too late—"

"*Senhor, como amigo, faça-me o favor,*" † said a deep, musical voice close at his elbow, and it fell upon his ear accompanied by a clear metallic sound, which could not be mistaken by the practised senses of *Rebello*. He turned hastily towards the speaker, who extended to him a purse weighty with gold.

"It is impossible," said the ruined gambler; "I have not wherewithal to repay the loan, should I again be baffled."

"*Deixemos estes comprimentos,*" ‡ was the impatient reply; "let churls be turned aside from their purpose for lack of gold—but *we* should know nothing of such a want: if you are successful, the coin will have been a loan—if you fail, it will have been a gift—nothing can be more simple than this arrangement."

Rebello looked at the speaker in amazement:

* Dull fool! † Dear Sir, do me the favour.
‡ Away with these ceremonies.

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he had never before heard such arguments in such a spot; the emphatic *we* also soothed the ruffled dignity of the young *Visconde* at once: it was flinging oil on water. "I know not how to thank you," he at length murmured out.

"I like you the better for it; words—words—words—the world is made up of words, and I despise the world. But you lose time — *Ora vamos!* * nay, never hesitate! had I offered you the money on a bond—favoured you with a loan at usury—induced you to make over to me the jointure of your mother, or the dowry of your sister—then, indeed, your scruples had been intelligible, for I might have taken my forfeit to the letter—but I ask no pledge, and you yet murmur at the terms."

"Murmur? oh, no!" interposed *Rebello*, fascinated by the low music of the voice, and no less startled by the words to which it gave utterance: "But the offer is so singular, so unlooked for."

"Ha, you would have a precedent!" was the somewhat scornful reply: "you can follow,

* Come on.

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but you fear to lead—I have been mistaken in you."

"Give me the gold;" said the young man hastily; "I would sooner lose your money than your friendship."

"Who won?" demanded the deep voice, after the lapse of a few moments, as the stranger stood calmly beside his new acquaintance.

"*Eu ganhei dez moedas!*"* replied the *Visconde*, gaily.

"Bravely done!—But you should risk a higher stake—you are a child, toying with cherry stones."

Again there was a pause. The dice rattled in the box, and fell, fraught with fate, upon the board—laughter and curses followed the fall; and again a voice murmured in the ear of *Rebello*: "*Quem perdeo?*"†

"*Maldito sejas lhe!*‡ I have lost fifty broad pieces."

"Fifty!—why, 'tis but the child progressing from the cherry-stone, to the pomegranate-grain—give me the dice."

* I won ten moidores. † Who lost? ‡ Curses on it.

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"Nay, *Senhor*, it is too much;" said the man who presided at the table, as his eye rested uneasily upon the heap of gold which the Fidalgo flung down: "we dare not admit the stake."

'*Trapaceiro!*" * muttered the stranger: "will you admit the moiety?"

"*Isto basta, mio Senhor.*" †

The noble threw, and lost—there was a whispering round the table, but he moved not a muscle as the ready hand of the winner swept away the coin to his own heap.

"Now it is your turn, *Rebello:*" he said calmly: "*Desejo-vos boa fortuna!*" ‡

The young *Visconde* played, and the prayer of his new friend seemed likely to be accomplished; so earnestly did he pursue the windings of his fortune, that he continued from time to time to address him on the subject of the game, totally unconscious that he had withdrawn himself from the table, and cast himself upon a sofa, where he seemed to sleep.

"*Morro de sede!*" § at length exclaimed the

* Chicaner. † It is enough, my lord. ‡ I wish you good luck. § I am almost dead with thirst.

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young *Visconde*, whose parched lips and bloodshot eyes betrayed the intensity of his devotion to the ruinous vice in which he was indulging; "*de-me de beber*—"*

The sleeping noble laughed—his dream was a pleasant one!

"It is nectar!" said *Rebello*, as he held out his capacious glass, in order that it might be replenished by an attendant: "how came such wine beyond the walls of a monastery?—I could have sworn that it had been fermented for a holy brotherhood! More — give me more — good wine, and a high throw, are fare for the gods!"

"Your lordship has not yet paid your last stake:" said the man who sat opposite to him.

"No! well then, here is the gold; such wine is cheap at any price."

"*Pois beba!*"† whispered some one close beside him; it was his friend, who had awoke, and joined him.

"*Naô posso beber mais;*"‡ was the reply: "even now I cannot count the numbers on the dice."

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* Give me something to drink. † Drink then.
‡ I can drink no more.

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"Pshaw! you are a girl—wine is our blood, our life; drink, man: you will have the better fortune."

Again *Rebello* obeyed; and it is scarcely strange that when he staggered forth from the gaming-table, he was once more penniless, and—alone—for his new friend had returned home some hours previously.

"You are melancholy this morning, my dear *Visconde;*" said his noble acquaintance when they met on the morrow! "a cloud has come over your spirit—I pray you confide in me; and if I possess the power, as I have the will, your horizon shall forthwith recover its sunshine."

"*Fico muito obrigado;*" * said *Rebello*, as he grasped the proffered hand: "I am too much obliged already; and to-day mine is a two-fold annoyance—I am angry with myself—with you—with all the world."

"Nevertheless yours is no desperate case;" smiled his companion: "all quarrel with ourselves ends innoxiously enough.—I shall not suffer you to indulge anger against me—and as for the

* I am obliged to you.

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world!—no, no; young, handsome, noble, and high-spirited, *Xavier de Rebello* must jest, when he talks of having cause of quarrel with a world ever ready to extend its worship to such winning attributes—and is this all?"

Rebello shook his head: "My good uncle the *Dugue do Vouga* has lost his lovely wife—and it is said"—

"What is said?" exclaimed his companion, startled out of his usual calm indifference.

"In truth I know not that I should have named it;" said the *Visconde*, "but to you, my dear *Marqueze*"—

"Aye, to me!—to me!"—

"To you I will confide that on her death-bed she made some strange disclosures."

The mysterious noble drew his hand across his brow; large drops of damp stood upon it like night-dew: "Did she speak of any by name?" he asked eagerly.

"No, strange to say, she did not—but she spoke composedly, like one who weighed well the import of her words—she told the appalled *Duque* of a young affection, nourished in hope, and blighted by disappointment—and then she

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shadowed out a wild tale of some unearthly spell which was cast over her; when she fancied herself standing in a cavern, of which the floor was one continuous chrystal, and the roof thickly hung with colossal diamond-drops; while a thousand jewels flashed along the walls; her ear distinguished the sound of a distant waterfall, but on her heart fell a fear which counteracted the effect of the magnificence by which she was surrounded"—

"*Mexeriqueiro!*"* muttered the mysterious listener.—"And was this all?" he asked contemptuously; "did the dying *Dugueza* find no subject more interesting than this meaningless rhapsody, with which to entertain her noble husband?"

"Pardon me"—said *Rebello:*—"the tale went on: she remembered that in this cavern she was joined by her lover—but she saw him now in serge and discipline, with a shaven crown, and sandalled feet—she would have wept with him; but thè apostate dared to talk to her of love, even in that holy garb—she would have parted from him in kindness; but he tempted

* Babbler.

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her with devilish arguments, and trampled the cross, which was pendant from his girdle, before her eyes.—What follows is still more strange; the floor of chrystal cracked and shivered as the cross touched its surface, and a sound as of gurgling water and falling masses filled the cavern; the monk caught her hastily in his arms, and bore her forth—and, *Marqueze*, her words were true; for the cavern has been sought for, and found. It is hidden among mighty rocks, near the source of the river Alcoa; no human foot may penetrate into its hidden recesses, for there is no earth upon which that foot can rest—water, water, into its deepest, its darkest intricacies all is water below, and frowning rocks above, so crowded and condensed that there is no passage among them.

The listener laughed scornfully: "The vision of a departing spirit, doubtless; engendered by the consciousness of some former falsehood."

"I marvel much how sped the apostate monk," said *Rebello*.

"Oh! gaily; like a disfranchised spirit—fancy yourself in serge and sandal, *Visconde*,

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and then imagine how you would feel when you had cast them off."

"Nay, nay, the proposition is irreverend"—

"Young man;" was the cold reply "when I met you yonder at the gaming-table, you talked to me of the world—I see you now under the influence of a fantastic tale, and you are growing severe and saintly—*my* friend must be all, or nothing"—

"You mistake me, *Marqueze;*" said *Rebello* earnestly: "I did but jest—believe me, I am no saint."

His companion turned aside to conceal a smile. When a man has gamed, and drank, and felt shame of his own religious principles, he has thrown open the outworks of his citadel to the enemy of souls!

"I will present you to my pretty Ana, if you will:" resumed the *Visconde* after a pause; "but mark me, *Marquese;* not one word of my prowess at the gaming-table—not one hint of my obligation to *you*, or I am lost!"

"*Doudo!*"* muttered his companion.

Within three months, the young *Visconde de*

* Fool.

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Rebello had expired by his own hand; and the lady *Ana* was the reputed bride-elect of the stranger noble.

* * * * * * *

"And this is night!" said the man of mystery as he stood with folded arms before the *lago da penha*,* of which mention has already been made; and looked darkly upwards to the deep blue sky studded with ten thousand glittering constellations: —"sad, silent, midnight! how gloriously is the brightness of the stars echoed on the sluggish surface of that infant river—how whisperingly does the voice of the darkness steal along the leaves—how lovingly do the fire-flies chase each other among the wild-flowers—and this is the hour which mortals, in their blindness, give to sleep—poor fools! But pshaw! *naô tenho que fazer com isso*,† why should I scorn their folly, while I am fettered by my own? know I not that while one human heart clings to me, the pledge may be redeemed? What had I to do with woman, and with her idle passion? Was not *Teresa* false? She, for whom I had perilled all?—

* Rock-lake.

† I have nothing to do with this.

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And this thing of prettiness and peace, why did I draw her sinless nature into the fearful vortex? Let me but burst this last, this feeble link;—let me—but ah! there is a step upon the rock—*tenha maô* *—who comes?"

"It is me, love;" said the sweetest voice that ever swelled upon the night wind; "*chegue se para mim*† the darkness makes me fearful—I have sought for you so long that my heart sickened; but you are found at last!"

"*Ana*," said her companion, as he led her towards the mouth of the cavern; "Why do you pursue me thus?"

"Because I love you—because I live but when I am beside you, because I am a woman, and where my heart hath made its home, there must I dwell also."—

A tempest howled through the midnight sky; the river-tide, urged to unusual wrath, foamed and fretted over its rocky barriers, and threw its light spray high into the air. Masses of stone fell rattling down the jagged sides of the precipices; the tall trees bowed their long branches even to

* Hold. † Come near to me.

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the earth, as the fierce wind swept over them—the lightnings shimmered along the water, the thunder reverberated among the rocks; the wild-birds flew shrieking into their caverned homes—all nature was convulsed.

The storm passed. *Ana* and her companion still stood side by side at the cavern-mouth.

"Unhand me, I say:" were the first words which were audible among the wind-gusts: "I care not for myself—for thine own sake, leave me."

"Henrique—dear Henrique"—

"*Dear* Henrique!" echoed her companion; clenching his hands until the blood started beneath the nails: "*zombando vos?* * to whom am I dear? to the father who abandoned me—to the fortune which betrayed me—to the mistress who bartered me for gold?"

"Why will you talk thus?"—

"Because my heart is prompter to my words—because I am one whom the world hath branded with its accursed signet of ruin—because, amid a crowd of automata I have dared to *act*—because, in short, I am not like my fellow-men—I am alone"—

* Do you jest?

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"Say not alone, Henrique, *sinto isso no coraçaõ.*" *

"Fond fool!" muttered her companion through his closed teeth, as he bent for an instant over the kneeling maiden, and smoothed back her long silky hair: "I thought not of thee, *Ana*, as I spoke—would that thy love had been less steadfast."

"I repent it not:" said the lady, as she rose and stood before him, tall and stately in her young beauty: "I know that thy life is one of mystery, but I seek not to pry into its secrets—it is enough for me that they are thine, for them to be hallowed in my eyes—yes, love, though thou hast taught mine eye to weep, and my breast to heave, better to sorrow at thy side than to be happy where thou art not!"

"*Ana*, why do you cling to me? could I once sever this last link which binds me to my kind, I should be free—*entende-vos*,† *Ana?*" he continued, as he laid his hand heavily on the white arm of the maiden. "*FREE!*—like the wind on the mountain-top, girl—like the thunder as it

* It pierces me to the heart. † Do you hear me.

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peals along the sky—like the ocean-wave, when it battles in its strength with the might of the tempest—free to come and to go. You have been deceived in me, *Ana:* I am not what I seem—leave me, and you are safe — cling to me, and "—

"I care not—I care not for the alternative—I have abandoned my home to share thy fortunes be they what they may: and I will abide by that which I have done."

"*Que maravilha!*"* murmured Henrique beneath his breath: "and *must* she be the victim?—Not if words can yet win her from destruction:—listen to me, *Ana:* I pray you leave me — the world and I must henceforth have nothing in common: I seek not even *your* love—I can yield you no affection in return—let us part then: I would fain lead a life of *hate*—it is for this that I beseech you, leave me — I have no leisure for love, *Ana;* love must be nourished by smiles, and whispers, and flatteries—hatred springs spontaneously, and thrives without an effort—I would hate freely and fiercely—laugh to scorn

* Strange.

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every link of the servile chain of memory and association—hew out a destiny of solitary, proud, companionless supremacy—make shapes out of the midnight storm-cloud — hear voices in the howl of the tempest-breath, and in the roar of the cataract—find a home on the wild wave, and in the wilderness—cast back a thousand-fold the curses of the false herd whose wiles have withered me—*that* is the life I covet, *Ana*, a life which you *cannot* share!" And he tossed his dark locks proudly to the night-breeze, and snuffed the air with heaving chest and dilated nostrils, like a chafed war-horse.

"There was a time"—wept the fair girl.

"You say well, *Ana* — there was indeed a time — you knew me not when the world bent before me in my youth: when I was worshipped, followed, idolized — yet such *has* been — but I lament not that it is past. If the world and I once touched palms in fellowship, it was when we knew but little of each other—our hands have since met in strife;—deadly, implacable strife:—this same world is a hydra-headed enemy, but I will yet have my foot upon its neck—and now

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leave me, *Ana;* the night wears—'tis an unseemly hour to keep tryst."

The maiden bent her long, graceful throat like a wind-swept reed, but she did not move from beside him: "Henrique," she said gently, "if you abandon me, I am lost."

"Lost—doubly lost with *me!*" replied her companion convulsively: "lost, body and soul! *Ana*, you have loved me—yes, even amid my bitterness, I do believe that you have loved me—you have done all that woman can do when she gives away her heart:—you have abandoned all for me—a proud home, a wealthy suitor, an indulgent father—and how have I repaid you? by a few empty flatteries, a few idle whispers; by rather suffering your love than buying it with a return—but now, indeed, I will repay you all. The world prates, if my memory serve me, of gratitude and generosity—I would not be less worthy than that specious world of all that you have done and suffered for my sake.—Go, then, *Ana:* to you there is danger in my vicinity—peril in the very atmosphere I breathe—did I suffer you to linger longer by my side, I were

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tenfold the demon that I am—Go to your father's hearth; it is wide enough, maiden, to receive you back—go to the marble halls of your birth-place, they are lofty enough to yield you shelter beneath their fretted roofs.—Nay, look not on me with that affrighted eye—the world, which you all worship, will surely pardon you that you have loved, and then grown weary of your passion—is it not merciful?" And he laughed the bitter laugh of recklessness and scorn.

"I have but you in all that world!" said the low, soul-stricken voice.

"But me!" echoed Henrique: "and what am I, that you should hang upon me thus? I tell you, girl, that the rock against which I lean were a more merciful resting-place for *your* arms. —My heart was withered ere I saw you first—I gave it once—gave it wholly, irreclaimably, to one of your false sex. You are fair, *Ana*, I know it; very fair—but she was as the oasis of the desert, as the diamond of the mine,—graceful as a young antelope, and majestic as the cedar tree of the East. Would you know how I loved her? Ask your fond, foolish heart to whis-

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per it; and even then you will never guess how deeply, how passionately I loved her! The rest of this poor tale is scarcely worth the telling;" he pursued with haughty bitterness: "while the world bowed before me, she held me to her heart—but a change came over my fortunes—and then, *Ana*—but you are a woman, and you can guess the rest.—We met once again; after my star had failed—she spurned me—loathed me—shrank from me!"—He paused for a moment, and then added scornfully: "She gave her hand to a prouder lover—she had gold upon her arm, and diamonds upon her brow—she wore her shame bravely.—And in sooth I liked her the better for it that she bent not her neck to the yoke of conscience like a craven"—

"And her husband?"—murmured the lady *Ana*.

"What would you ask of him?" he demanded sternly: "he wooed her for her beauty! he cared not that her heart had known another resting-place, while the finger of the world pointed to her as an honorable matron—but I was revenged! Perchance I have paid dearly

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for that revenge: but it was grea and glorious."

"Alas! for her falsehood."—

"*Ora vamos!* *—the highways of life are full of it—'tis a hedge-weed which grows unplanted —and for yourself, why do you cling to me? — I have no heart to offer you at a price—I have no gold to tender you as a bribe—I use no courtly wiles to beguile you of your affections"—

"When I look on thee"—commenced *Ana*, tenderly.

"Ha! is it so? do you love me for the poor beauty which nature in some idle freak bestowed upon me? Why, *lindissima*, the mountain winds, and the ocean-billows, among which henceforward I shall live, will soon claim that as a forfeit-pledge — my lip and brow will lose their tint: I shall become unlike the noble Henrique, whose proud manhood won your young affections —I shall be a savage outlaw—a wanderer of the wilds."

"I shall never heed the change, love;" said *Ana*, fondly: "only let me dwell with thee in thy home, be it where it may."

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* Away! away! † Young beauty.

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"My home!" fiercely echoed Henrique: "seek me on the mountain crest, where the wild eagle and the vulture roost—in the rocky caverns, where the wolves hold council—on the ocean-wave, where the tall ship labours with the tempest—I have told thee, that henceforward I will have no home: let worldlings collect their empty gauds around their enervating hearths, and talk of home—I have done with toys like these."

"Nay, if you will indeed become a wanderer in fact as well as in spirit, my own Henrique, I will wander at your side: dread nothing from my weakness, nor from my fears; I will bear every hardship uncomplainingly."

"Poor girl!" said Henrique; "you talk of suffering with me as though it were the trial of an hour: I am about to breast danger, perhaps death—the forest-tree may chance to brave the storm, but the rose-branch would scatter its blossoms before the first blast—*peço lhe em cortezia*,* let me contend alone."

"Here, then, will I die;" said the maiden, faintly.

* I beseech you.

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"Nay, nay; thou art too fair to die;" laughed Henrique; "the world cherishes such as thee in its bosom—one kiss, and farewell, *Ana*.—I shall be soon forgotten."

The maiden raised her head, and looked stedfastly upon him: the blighting laugh had not yet died away upon his lips; a pang smote upon her heart. "Hear me then;" she said in her turn, while her dark eye flashed for an instant in the moon-beam; "hear me as I swear, now, beneath this blessed light, that I will never quit your side—for you I have abandoned all—you are to me a world—go where you will—scorn me as you may—in sickness and in health, in joy and in sorrow—in danger or in security—all will be alike to me. I have loved you, and I will cling to you—I have trusted, and I will not be betrayed—Henrique the noble, or Henrique the outcast; the idol of a court, or the reviled of a crowd, you are the same to me."

The Fidalgo quailed for a moment beneath her sudden and unanticipated energy, but he rallied on the instant. "*Ana*," he said more gently, "I thank you for your devotion, but it

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must not be. I have sworn, and I must fulfil the compact—I am pledged, and I may not fail —nor is this all: I dare not tell you, girl! but darker powers are at work than any with which you, poor trembler, can contend."

"Tell me—" gasped out the maiden. "I *can* bear all save thy desertion."

"*Vem cá;*" * said her companion convulsively: "Come hither till I whisper to you a fearful secret."

He was obeyed: and the next moment *Ana* sank shrieking to the earth.

"Ha! now thou art convinced;" murmured her companion: "now, indeed, there needs no further argument—look! the moon will ere long rest upon the crest of yonder mountain, and then—"

"What then?" gasped the maiden, scarcely conscious of her own utterance.

"Then must the forfeit be paid—the pledge redeemed—the price told down—the compact sealed in blood—you will leave me *now*, *Ana*—"

"Never!—one victim, you have told me will suffice—you may yet escape—I ask you to re-

* Come hither.

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member only, in after years of happiness, *how Ana* died!"

"Away, rash girl—life were valueless, when bought at such a price—Away, my hour is come—your love is my destruction—look at yonder dark shadow—"

"It is a forest-bough—"

"Earth never fed its root—do you not tremble?"

"Nay, now you jest with me indeed; are *you* not still beside me?"

"But you must die, *Ana*—"

"I will, I will—to buy for you a hundred years of life—a century of glorious existence—"

"Alas! I pray you fly — see! it comes nearer—"

"Yes, Henrique, but I see no cause for fear—it is a jutting rock; how large it looms in the moonlight!"

"Again, I tell you, fond one, that the round globe never yielded resting-place to such a rock: be warned, and leave me."

Still she stood firm—her arms were twined around him; her cheek rested upon his shoulder.

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The shadow grew denser, darker—there was a wild shriek—a sullen plunge—and the waters of the rock-lake were tinged blood-red!

On the morrow a peasant found the body of a maiden floating on the waters of the cavern—it was the corpse of the lady *Ana*—the beauty of the province.

* * * * * *

Would any know more of the Apostate Monk? He was found dead on the same spot; but his corpse bore the scathing traces of lightning, and there were marks of violence upon his chest and throat, as though he had died grappling with a strong enemy; his fine features were fearfully convulsed, and his limbs rigid. The pious crossed themselves and turned aside—the priests denied burial to the corpse in consecrated ground; and the few who remembered the death of the lady *Ana* shuddered as they whispered among themselves, that if she had in-

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deed been sacrificed to save her lover, she had died in vain; for but few years had since passed away, and it was clear that the Evil One had broken his compact with the Demon Monk!

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POMBAL AND REDINHA.

My ideas of the approach to Pombal are by no means clear; for we entered the town during a most determined rain, which, in ten minutes, drenched us to the skin. There is no contending with a Portuguese rain; it comes down like the stream of a torrent, carrying every thing before it. Perhaps the prospect of shelter under such circumstances enhanced in the eyes of our party the beauty of the locality, but it is not the less certain that we all declared the aspect of Pombal

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to be extremely impressive. Its ruined castle crowning a height which overhung the town, and stately even in decay—its fine open square—and the distant fringe of pines, which, spread far away on the Condeixa side, formed a beautiful picture; but the town did not, on a nearer approach, encourage a more detailed description; the majority of the houses were in wretched repair, and dirty to an excess; the church singularly unattractive; and the prison uncomfortably conspicuous.

The *Forno de Pombal* * is celebrated all over Portugal for a miracle, which, as it is asserted, was once wrought there. Some holy man, persecuted for his sanctity, though wherefore, or by whom, I could never learn, for the tale is somewhat loosely told, at length sheltered himself at Pombal; but his enemies, having discovered his place of refuge, hunted him from street to street, and from house to house, until not a roof was left to shelter his devoted head. In this strait, closely pursued by his persecutors, and it may be also, weary of a life which was a stranger to all

* Pombal Oven.

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peace, he sprang into this oven, then heated for the purpose of baking bread, preferring, in his misery, the fierceness of the flames to the mercilessness of man—but lo! a miracle—the door of *lo forno santo** closed after him—the yells of disappointed malice met his ear as he disappeared—then the mocking laughter of triumph reached him in his retreat, for his fiendish enemies imagined that they had at least hunted him to the death—but the heat had already subsided—the obsequious flames licked the dust around and about him, but respected the spot on which he stood! Like the three men of old, who walked unscathed through a fiery furnace, so sat the modern saint, fearless and unharmed. After a while he walked forth among the mockers, and his sanctity was established at once; they who had wronged him cowered beneath his frown, or fled his presence; while others who had hitherto stood aloof, bent down in gratitude for the singular favour which had been vouchsafed to their good town, by the Blessed

* The holy oven.

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Virgin and the Saints, in this astounding mirable. But all was not yet over; the next bread which was baked in the holy oven increased tenfold in quantity when it was withdrawn; nor did this marvel cease until the death of the pious man through whose agency it had originated. In commemoration of the miracle, a large cake is baked annually in the oven, which is called the Pombal cake.

We spent one night in this town, and the following morning pursued our journey to Condeixa. It was a sultry day in July, and as we were travelling slowly, I turned aside from the high road with a friend, in order that we might indulge in a gallop on an unusually favorable stretch of level ground. The *calçada* which we had quitted was miserably bad, varying from deep sand to a pavement which looked as though it had never, since it was first laid down, known either renewal or repair. Not a tree threw aside the beams of the hot sun; all was parched and bare. Our gallop terminated in a by-way which had evidently served the purposes of a road, but

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it was merely the dry bed of a torrent, which had, the preceding winter, swept down the face of the mountain.

We were compelled, in order to escape this Scylla, into which we had been betrayed in our avoidance of the Charybdis of the *calçada*, to make a still wider circuit; and we were amply repaid for our perseverance. Our backs were towards Lisbon, romantic, filthy Lisbon; with its opera and its convents, its palaces and its hovels—its sights of beauty, its sounds of discord, and its scents of disgust. Suddenly the path which we had taken, narrowed, while the steep sides of the mountain, inclining inwards on either side, approximated above our heads; and we entered the gorge of the ravine with a sense of coming shade and coolness which gave us new life. Nor was the anticipation less agreeable to our panting horses, they snorted, threw up their hitherto drooping heads, and with dilated nostrils drew in the fresh breeze as it sighed along the tunnel-like ravine. We were again travelling through heavy sand, which at each step buried the hoofs of the animals, and scorched them like half-ex-

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tinguished ashes; but where the deep shadow fell, the ground presented a cool and firm surface, varied only by detached fragments of rock, apparently tempest-torn from the unequal face of the mountain side, and warning us to shorten rein, and look to our steps.

Across the mouth of the ravine, its roots yet vainly clinging to their ungenial bed on the one side, and its wind-stripped branches resting upon the other, stretched an old and mouldering cork tree; looking, at the first glance, like a rude bridge for the mountaineer and the bandit—it gave the last touch of the picturesque to a scene already wild and beautiful. To our right towered the lofty mountain, of which the portion that formed one wall of the ravine was but a very inconsiderable ledge; one slender thread of water, sparkling and gliding under the hot sun like a silver-skinned snake, from some hidden vault of nature, fell from perhaps two thirds of its height; now looking so narrow that a truant child might step across it, but prepared to rush, and riot, and boil into a torrent at the first bidding of the storm-wind. To our left, when an

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occasional cleft in the rocky parapet permitted us to look beyond the narrow way which we were pursuing, spread far beneath us a wide valley gay with its orange-groves, gloomy with its pine woods, cheerful with its occasional habitations of cold clear white, gleaming doubly blank in the broad sun light, and cool with its dancing river—a diamond thread enclosed by emeralds—for its banks were green and grateful to the eye, and turned the heart at once to thoughts of home! But this fair scene was only visible by glimpses; and meanwhile we were glad to guide our snorting and refreshed horses carefully among the loose stones and fragments of rock with which the road was so thickly overlaid.

After a few minutes of silence, during which we inhaled the cool air with delight, we were conscious that it came to us freighted with the breath of flowers. The anticipation was delicious! We should see green leaves and gay blossoms beside our very path; and perhaps, for the soft odour had made us exacting in our hopes, perhaps, a sparkling stream to refresh our burning thirst, and a shady tree to cool our no less burning brows.

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The lover of the picturesque, *coute qui coute*, will always be repaid for his wanderings in Portugal; but he who prefers a hearty meal and a long draught will do well to keep to the *calçada*,* (such as it is!) lest he lose the chance of both.

My companion, heaven help him! had no romance in his composition; with him water was water, and rocks were rocks: he preferred nature in a plain way; green hedge-rows bounding meadows and corn fields; with (when he began to weary of the saddle or of himself) a clump of tall trees by the way-side, shading a white-washed, green-shuttered edifice, and a swinging sign. This fact made me doubly anxious for some happy issue to our experiment, as it had been a good-natured indulgence of my exploring propensity which had lured my matter-of-fact friend from the beaten track.

Let it not be imagined, however, that had he pursued the main road, he would have been one whit more likely to meet with his *beau ideal* of scenery than he was in the course of the moun-

* High road.

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tain stream, to which my truant taste had led him. No such home-views are to be seen in Portugal; nevertheless, he might have reined up at the door of a solitary hovel, decorated, in defiance of the old saw that says, "Good wine needs no bush," with a bunch of myrtle or bay as large as a besom, above the door of entrance. And truly it is to be doubted whether the proverb would have been gainsaid when he had done so; for the *bom vinho** of the way-side is, nine times out of ten, vinegar in every respect, save that it does not possess its agreeable acid.

Hunger and thirst are, however, wonderful annihilators of fastidiousness, and I began first to wish for water for my horse, and then for wine for my companion. I thought of my horse first, for he could not even solace his sorrows by grumbling, a consolation of which my friend was largely availing himself.

As we passed along, we startled scores of small gray lizards, scarcely to be distinguished from the morsels of rock on which they were lying basking in the sun, until, on our approach,

* Good wine.

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they gracefully glided, rather than ran, to their hiding-places in every cleft and chasm; the rocks seemed alive with them.

A few moments more, and my first wish was granted: just in front of us a little stream ran rapidly across the road. "Water!" I exclaimed joyously, and at the same moment the hot and wearied animals tossed their proud necks, and neighed with delight. In a moment we had both sprung from our saddles and were drinking, with the animals, of that cold, chrystal-like water. I have often reflected on the wisdom which has ordained that the fervid rays of the sun should fail to impart their heat to the wave on which they rest, and so destroy the renovating freshness of the wanderer's welcome draught. We lingered for a while beside the stream; and I talked of the Naïad who dwelt amid its waters, and my companion laughed at me; and then we mounted our horses and rode on.

Still, as the breeze met us, the scent of some sweet flower came upon its breath, and I began to doubt whether it were not some small rock-herb which was cheating us with the hope of

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richer vegetation: but suddenly the rocky ledge on our right terminated, and *that* so abruptly, that as we emerged from the ravine, it presented almost a perpendicular face. Then, indeed, a scene burst on us, which, by its magnificence, elicited an exclamation even from my companion. The fair valley, which we had seen at intervals, spread far before us; and the rich breathings which we had so long inhaled came from its orange and citron groves, from its hedge-rows of myrtle, and its tufts of wild geranium. The descent from the spot whence we looked down on this enchanting prospect was, although sufficiently steep to afford a little excitement, nevertheless not absolutely dangerous; but ere we essayed it, we stood for some minutes gazing eagerly around us. My companion had traversed the country during the Peninsular War, but had hitherto kept strictly to the road; he was consequently as ignorant of the precise point where we should issue from the ravine as I was myself. In five seconds, however, he knew his position.

"There is the river!" he said joyously; "and

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there, a little to the right, is—no, can it be Redinha? if it is, it must certainly have been colonized by foreigners; for while I remember many a rut and hole in the highway, surely they cannot have rebuilt an entire village! The French destroyed nearly every house in the place, blew up the bridge, and fired every building that had escaped during the engagement—and now, I must be dreaming—" And he actually rubbed his eyes to see if he were indeed awake. He looked again: there stood the village; the white houses standing out in broad relief in the sunshine—the bridge, high and steep, with its single arch spanning the river, which ran rapidly over its rough and stony bed; the whole looking cheerful and cleanly, and the very reverse of what it was in reality.

What a magician is distance! I never felt that truth so strongly as on the day I landed in Lisbon.

"I shall never forget that bridge during the engagement;" he said again, after a moment's silence: the men fell from it by scores, the dead and the dying together—I should think the river

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must have run blood—it was absolutely choked with corpses! At length it was destroyed; and many a brave fellow went down with it as it disappeared—but Redinha was a ruin; the sword did half the work, and the brand finished it.

"Yonder is the regiment!" exclaimed I—and there it was indeed: the caps and side-arms of the men glancing in the sun, and the horses moving monotonously along, overcome by the dense heat. There was not a tree as far as the eye could reach on the road they had passed, but they were rapidly approaching a pine wood, which promised to afford a temporary shade. They looked like children in the distance, and yet, after gazing earnestly for a time, I could even distinguish persons:—"There," I said, "is my father—and there is——and—" There was something strange in seeing them moving along that bare wild heath; something quite out of keeping with the scenery; their waving plumes and gleaming swords, were so little suited to the place. A string of mules, or a bullock-car, would have filled up the picture far better; but

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their appearance produced just the same effect upon me that I experience when I look upon a painting of some stupendous ruin in Rome, with the foreground *relieved* by a gentleman in a body-coat, and a lady with a parasol.

At length we commenced the descent; and after sundry slidings and slippings, stood safely on the outskirt of the plain: we were laughing gaily, and congratulating each other on our nerve and horsemanship, when the sound of a full, clear, manly, and very melodious voice came cheerfully on the wind; and looking in the direction whence it proceeded, we discovered the singer not two hundred yards from us. His back was also to Lisbon; and, like ourselves, he had evidently avoided the *calçada:* but, unlike us, he had merely skirted the mountain, instead of traversing it, and had consequently gained in distance and convenience what we had gained in beauty and variety.

He was a man whom I should have turned to look after, had I passed him in the street of a city: ho much more then at the foot of a mountain! Moreover, *Senhor José Joachim* was

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well worthy of description for his own sake, —but that was after-knowledge.

The singer, then, was a man of some twenty-three, or four, with the blackest eyes and the whitest teeth in all Portugal. He had a brow which would have suited a noble, and a smile that would have graced a woman; his complexion was that clear soft brown through which, in moments of emotion or excitement, the blood may be seen as it courses along the veins. He carried his letter of introduction in his face; it would have been as impossible to have passed him without notice, as not to have admired him when seen. On his head he wore the usual *sombrero* * of the muleteer, but so covered with silver taggs, and cords and rosettes of black silk, that it was almost handsome, as well as picturesque; his jacket was of velvet of a deep purple colour, but it was now thrown over the neck of a very fine Spanish mule, on which he was mounted: his waistcoat was of black velvet, thickly set with three rows of the hanging silver filagreed buttons, known in England as the

* Broad-flapped hat.

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Badajos button. Round his waist he wore a scarf of very bright scarlet, the two ends gracefully twisted together, and hanging low upon the saddle; he had bows of ribbon at his knees, with long ends streaming in the wind; and there was altogether an air of coxcombry and consciousness about him which showed that nature had not been prodigal of her gifts to one who was ungrateful for them.

As he rode up to us, for we were slightly in advance of him, he was evidently eagaged in some occupation in which he was interested, and with which the song did not interfere—I was not long in doubt as to its nature, for, as he approached, a cloud of small feathers floated away past me, and when he raised his hat, and greeted us with the courteous *Viva** of the country, I remarked that the other hand still grasped a half-plucked pigeon.

With intuitive politeness, as he replaced his hat, he drew on the jacket which he had evidently taken off on account of the heat, remarking, as he did so, that had he known he should

* Long life to you.

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encounter *uma Senhora Ingleza*,* he would have resumed it before. I made a suitable reply, at which he again took off his *sombrero*, and smiled, and showed his white teeth with evident gratification.

We could not decide on who, or what, he was; and he skilfully evaded such questions as we were able, without indelicacy, to ask. The entire costume was that of a muleteer, but the materials of his dress, and the air with which it was worn, were very superior to what was usually seen among that class of men.

I made some conjectural remark to my companion, to which he replied in the same tone, greatly to the amusement of our new friend, whose laugh rang out merrily as he said unhesitatingly, "You are wondering who I am—whence I came,—and whither I am bound. I came from Lisbon—I am going to Condeixa—what I am called I will tell you another day. *Em boca cerrada naõ entra mosca.*"†

"We are, then, likely to see you again?" I asked, much amused.

* An English lady. † A close mouth catches no flies.

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"Often, very often—constantly, until you leave the country—perhaps you may not know me when we next meet—may I claim acquaintance with you should it prove so?"

"Oh! certainly," said I; and I now laughed in my turn. Suddenly a thought flashed across me—he might be a Spanish spy! I looked fixedly at him—he met my look with a frank smile, a gay enjoyment of my wonder—and I felt as though I had wronged him.

"You are preparing for your dinner, I perceive;" I remarked after a pause, during which my companion had been silent, and apparently buried in thought, and the incomprehensible stranger had resumed his occupation of plucking the pigeon. "You are a provident traveller."

"Yes, *minha Senhora*,"* he replied coolly, as he deposited the bird, which was now tolerably shorn of its feathers, in one of the pockets of his jacket, and drew forth another, on which he immediately commenced operations. "I always parry my meat; sometimes my bread; garlic and

* My lady—the common mode of addressing females in polite society.

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wine I find every where, and thus I seldom want a meal; it amuses me also, and therefore *matai dons coelhos de huma cajadada**—but, by Our Lady!" he added with sudden animation, "I am covering the *Senhora* with the feathers of this ill-conditioned bird"—and as he spoke, he brought his mule round to the other side of my horse, looking as distressed as an officer of six feet high at a drawing-room, when he has carried away the lappets of a dumpy Dowager on his epaulette.

"Who *can* he be?" said I, more and more bewildered, "suppose he should be the Marquis of Chaves † himself in disguise!"

The merry *Senhor* caught at the name as it left my lips—"Ha! Chaves—he hates the English—I know it, for I have heard him grind his teeth when he talked of you—all, all, he hates you all! And your King, too; though Dom Miguel is gone to England to see him:—is it very far to England?"

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* I kill two birds with one stone.

† Chaves was at this time expected to bring a force to encounter the British, and was said to have numerous spies in every direction, as well as to be adventurous himself.

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I did not like the question: it startled me; it seemed so very improbable that the individual who asked it was ignorant of so simple a fact; and my friend appeared to like it as little as I did. I therefore answered as briefly as I could; and in order to change the conversation, I said carelessly, "Are you not afraid to travel alone and unarmed, now that the country is so unsettled, and that the robbers have been so daring?"

The effect of the question was electrical! The large black eyes flashed like meteors, and the gracefully-cut lips wreathed themselves into an expression of the most scornful rage, as he thrust his hand into the folds of his scarlet sash, and half drew forth his stiletto—"Here, too!" he said proudly, as I watched him with some anxiety, and not without a strange flutter at my heart, "I have these also!" and tearing open his waistcoat, he displayed to me the butt ends of a pair of pistols. "We are not to carry arms, forsooth!" he muttered to himself as he re-adjusted his dress with all the care of a *petit-maitre*, "we are to be called thieves and liars to our beards, and we are to wear no stiletto to wash out the disgrace—or we are to

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meet a wolf in our path," he pursued, smoothing his features into a more gentle expression, and resuming in some degree his gay smile; "and we are not to send a bullet to his heart;—they may go too far—*o caõ com raiva de seu dono trava!*" * He was silent for a moment, and neither my friend nor myself felt an inclination to venture on a reply; the change in his expression had been fearful; but, in five minutes all was as smooth and sunshiny as ever. Nevertheless, the memory of the look remained, and it was not easy to forget it, and to converse as we had done at first. He seemed to feel this; for he silently continued denuding the poor pigeon of its feathers, and I remarked that for some time he did so with a species of convulsive energy which betrayed that the fiery spirit was not yet laid to rest. At length he removed his hat, and having made me a very respectful bow, burst forth at once into one of the wild, warlike melodies of the country; at times his deep, rich voice, dropped, as it were, to your heart's centre, and then again, with almost a shriek, it was so clear, so ringing, he caught up

* A mad dog bites his own master.

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the song, and waved his sombrero above his head in a species of extasy. Once the strain became so mournful that I felt the tears ready to start, and the singer bent his head low on the neck of his mule like one despairing—I had often heard of the power of music upon horses, and here I saw it exemplified; the animal which I myself rode was remarkable for her sagacity, and as the wailing melody was breathed out, she drooped her neck, and put her feet slowly, very slowly down, as though she feared that the sound of her hoof on the earth would break in upon the strain —once she fairly stopped, and I had to use some gentle violence to induce her to proceed. Soon again, however, the singer burst into the shrill wild tone—I had almost called it *yell* of triumph which had before startled me, and all the animals, as if struck by the wand of a magician, tossed their heads as at the sound of the trumpet, and trod springingly on the ground. It was really magnificent to listen to those thrilling, powerful strains, amid such a scene as that which was spread around us; and when the song ceased, I thanked the *Senhor* with a hearty gratitude that

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made him as gay as ever. Though still somewhat afraid of him, there was a joyousness, an open-heartedness about him which made their way in spite of you; and in ten minutes more we were all laughing and chatting as merrily as though neither Spanish spies nor the Marquis of Chaves had ever entered any of our heads. I asked for another song, and my request was instantly complied with; but the energy, the buoyancy of manner were gone: like a *Prima Donna* encored at the opera, the *Senhor* put on a pretty air of langour, and gave the sound of the song without its soul.

We were now rapidly approaching Redinha, and my companion, probably still in some degree distrusting our camelion-like associate, pointed out to him the regiment about a mile in the rear of us. The *Senhor* shaded the sun from his eyes with his spread hand, nodded his head, and asked if we were to halt in Redinha for the night. We replied in the negative; we were on our way to Condeixa. The smile with which he heard that we were merely passing through the village, and should only halt to dinner, was one of genuine

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satisfaction. "Bad people! bad people!" he said, waving his hand, and contracting his eyebrows into something bordering on the dark expression which had before gathered on his countenance—"thieves—robbers—you know, *Senhor Capitano*," addressing my friend, "that we swarm with robbers—not puny rogues who will take your purse and let you pass on, but strong men who will have blood as well as gold—they are in bands; they are in every wood between Lisbon and Oporto—they are round the tables in the wine houses—among the rocks by the way side—in the stable where you tie up your mule—and under the roof where you lie down to sleep—they have night signals, and day signals—and woe to him against whom they have sworn vengeance! —but *em casa de ladraô naô falles em corda*," * he added, looking round him rather anxiously, "and the wind is a bad keeper of secrets."

"For mercy's sake!" said I, somewhat nervously, "tell us no more; I shall tremble at the breeze among the branches, or gallop off to escape the clutches of a green lizard."

* In a thief's house one should not talk of a rope.

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The *Senhor* smiled: "Yet, I say, get out of Redinha as fast as you can: it is the head-quarters of the *Ladraô* *—their wives and their children live there—their booty is hidden there—beware, Senhor, of angering any inhabitant of Redinha—they have sharp knives, a steep bridge, and a swift stream!"

"Mighty uncomfortable all this;" said I, "and you, *Senhor*, do you not fear to trust yourself among them?"

"I never fear:" was the proud reply, as he drew himself up, and his chest heaved: "but I am no fool; I never take the wolf by the leg, nor the *ladraô* by the throat; I shall not enter Redinha; I know there is one there who bears me no good-will; and I have no wish," he added with a significant gesture, as he ran his hand up and down the pendant buttons of his waistcoat "to furnish his Sunday vest, and to feed the fish under the arch yonder."

I know not why, but I misdoubted the *Senhor* more after this elaborate exposé of the principles of the population of Redinha than I had

* Thieves.

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even done before—I believe I thought for an instant that he could be no less than the captain of the band himself; and under this impression, I asked with some curiosity what road he intended to take in order to reach Condeixa? he answered without hesitation that he was about to turn up a path which wound along the side of the mountain, and to cook his pigeons at the house of a friend not far distant; and finally to ford the river a little above his friend's house. He concluded by enquiring at what hour we should resume our march? we declared ourselves unable to say: "It signifies not:" was his cool reply, "I shall watch for you; and will join you again on the other side of Redinha."

In a few minutes we reached something which looked as though it had been intended for a road, and subsequently abandoned—this was the track which the *Senhor* declared led to the abode of his friend; and accordingly, after a profusion of vows and compliments, commendation to the Virgin, and a few favourite saints, and another caution against the *Ladraô* of Redinha, he once more pressed down the *Sombrero* over his curling

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black hair, struck his solitary silver spur into the flank of his mule, and disappeared at an easy canter round an elbow of the rock.

"Who can he be?" exclaimed I once more: "is he a spy, the Marquis of Chaves, or the Captain of the robbers?"

"I cannot say;" gravely replied my companion: "but this I do know, I am very glad we have parted company."

"But he is to join us again, you know."

"No, no, — no fear of that, if we keep with the regiment; and perhaps, all things considered we had better do so."

And with this sage determination we rode into the village.

The few patches of vineyard, Indian corn, and melon, in its immediate neighbourhood were securely and somewhat fantastically enclosed by hedges of the prickly pear and aloe; many of the latter in bloom, and reminding one, with their long straight, leafless stems, of the nursery tale of Jack and the bean stalk. The enclosures themselves betrayed even more than the usual negligence always sufficiently perceptible in Portuguese

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agriculture; they looked as though they had been hastily and carelessly planted in the casual intervals of a restless and more exciting occupation: or perhaps we imagined so from the nature of the information which had just been volunteered to us. The heavenly climate nevertheless spread beauty and luxuriance over these comparatively-neglected gardens, and they lay green and rank under the warm sun which was glancing down upon them.

If Redinha had looked cleanly and cheerful in the distance, we were soon undeceived on the subject when we drew nearer. Every door was closed: every window had its blind jealously fastened on the inside, whence those who were within could see every passer-by distinctly, themselves unseen. Some poultry, a pig or two, and a flock of turkeys, as wild as the mountain air could make them, fled in every direction as we entered the street which formed the village, and which was long, wide, and closely built in on both sides, terminating at the bridge before named; their shrill cries and disturbed grunts forming our only and very unmelodious welcome.

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My companion however, as I have before remarked, was an old campaigner; and his practised eye soon detected *the bush* swinging from the door of the village *estralagem*.* Thither we accordingly bent our steps, and as we sprang from the saddle, a girl passed the threshold, and took the bridles of the horses.

I spoke a few words to her in a kind and conciliating tone, partly from policy, and partly because I had made a practice, from my first landing in the country, of endeavouring rather to win than to purchase the good offices and kindly opinions of the peasantry. She made no reply, but by a mournful wave of the head; and, struck by so unusual a circumstance, for the Portuguese peasants are naturally gay and garrulous, I stood for a moment to look at her before I followed my friend into the house. She had passed her first youth; the bloominess, if I may be allowed so to term it, of that early girlhood which is so bright, so beautiful, and so transitory; yet she did not appear to have seen more than twenty summers. She was decidedly not handsome,

* Wine-house.

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and yet there was a pride, almost a sternness, seated on her high forehead which gave an air of nobility that did not seem to belong of right to the mountain maiden, the daughter, or it might even be the domestic, of a village wine-house. Her eyes, like those of the generality of her country-women were of the deepest black, but there was a cold sadness in them as she stood before me, silently holding the bridles of the horses, which struck me instantly. She wore a boddice of scarlet cloth, and a petticoat of dark blue with a scarlet hem; at her side hung a rosary of carved cork, terminating in a small crucifix of ivory, with a Christ of fine gold; and adorned with numerous little plates of silver suspended from slight chains of the same material, on which were rudely stamped misshapen figures of saints, and extravagant representations of the Virgin under many of her multitudious designations. Her hair was swept back smoothly from her forehead, and gathered together at the crown of her head in a heavy knot, where she had decorated it with a crimson carnation. I saw all this at a glance, and I could not help feeling

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as I entered the house, and bent my head to pass the portal, that the silent and sad-looking *Senhora* without was in some way strangely out of her place.

The first thing of which I was conscious, on leaving the fresh air, was a strong savour of garlic; and the first object which caught my eye was the figure of my friend ——— who was swallowing, with evident *gusto*, a long draught of wine from a glass which must have held at least a pint.

"*Bom vinho!*" he exclaimed complacently, after drawing a long breath; extending at the same time the now empty glass towards a withered old woman, who stood at his elbow, to be replenished.

"*Sim, mio Senhor, muito bom vinho! muito bom vinho!*" * echoed the old crone, as she filled the glass from a well-used pig-skin that she held in her hand "*todo lo vinho de Redinha star muito bom!*" †

I soon added my plaudits to those of my com-

* Very good wine.

† All the wine at Redinha is very good.

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panion, for I was hot and thirsty, and the wine seemed nectar; but I was also hungry, and I enquired of the old woman whether she had not something eatable in the house.

"*Muito paô, minha Senhora.*" *

"Produce it, my good woman;" said I: "bread will at least stay the appetite; and with a bunch of grapes, which you can, I dare say, obtain readily enough, I shall manage very well."

The bread was brought, but I had altogether overlooked the probability of its being made of Indian corn: so it was, however, and as I had before tried my masticatory and digestive powers on that most unsavoury and unsatisfactory article of food, I looked at it in despair. I consider Indian corn bread to be one of the most deceitful things in the world; the crust has all the appearance of crisp gingerbread, and the crumb looks like sponge-cake; try the fine brown crust, and you may as well attempt to eat a deal shaving; it breaks into splinters in your mouth in the same way, and has an equally

* Plenty of bread.

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agreeable flavour; and as to the crumb! it is precisely such a dough as I should think might be compounded of putty and salt—gritty, and sticky, and clammy—I have often amused myself by making little pellets of it, and throwing it against the wall by way of experiment; and wherever it touches, it invariably sticks! No wonder, then, that I declined the bread; and just at this moment the girl who had taken our horses entered the house. The mystery of her silence was developed at once; she was dumb—and she acquainted her principal by signs so well chosen, that they were even intelligible to me, that she had tied up the animals in the shade, and was now ready to be employed elsewhere.

"Cannot she speak, *Senhora?*" asked I, in a tone of interest.

"Our Lady protect her!" said the old woman, with a mournful shake of the head; "she has been dumb for years."

"Was she not then born so?" I asked in some surprise.

"No, *Minha Senhora*, no; she was struck

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dumb through the grace of *Nossa Senhora dos Dolos*,* all glory be to her name! But *Marie* shall gather some grapes for you."

And while I was thinking such a visitation a most extraordinary mode of conferring a blessing, on the part of Our Lady of the Agonies, the old woman was giving directions to her grand-child, for such the poor girl proved to be, to go and bring in the grapes.

I followed the active and willing *Marie* through the low door which opened into their garden, if garden that could be called which was in fact an enclosed piece of neglected and rocky ground, overstrown with large fragments of stone, many of them blackened by smoke, and all of them defaced by violence. I needed no interpreter here; they were the remains of some former building—a remnant of the war—the hand of the spoiler had been there! But a more gentle clasp was on them now, for a rich vine, heavy with its purple grapes, had wreathed itself about them in every direction: the clinging tendrils were wound, like fairy fingers, round every

* Our Lady of the Agonies.

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fragment; the large leaves heaved with the slight breeze, and fell back, shading with their wild luxuriance, some traces of the ruin upon which they rested; while the glorious fruit lay shining like amethysts in the sunshine, tempting its fiery beams; or glanced from some shady hollow, where it was visited only by the early sun-rays of morning, or the sweet south wind; and ripened without losing its fresh and lovely bloom. It was from these shadowed nooks that *Mariè* selected her fruit; and she smiled when she saw me watching her motions, as she gracefully sprang from one mass of stone to the other, and peeped into the hollows, where she knew that it would be coolest and freshest. When she had filled the little basket that she held, she approached me, and extended her hand; as I took it, she drew me forward, and stopping before a fine bunch of grapes, which were glowing with the heat of the sun, she gently pressed my hand down upon them: I recoiled from the scorching contact; she smiled, and pointing to the sun and to the grapes, she shook her head, as if to intimate that they were heated and un-

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pleasant; then she guided my touch to those in her basket; it was like leaning upon marble. She saw that I understood her, and led the way back into the house. There was a graceful sadness about every look and gesture of poor *Marià* which deeply interested me; and I endeavoured to lead the old woman on, to tell me something of her story; but she evidently shrank from the task, and I did not press it.

Having satisfied my own appetite, I thought of my horse, and sallied forth with a bunch of grapes in my hand, followed in my turn by the dumb girl; I had quite forgotten all about the robbers, their steep bridge, and their sharp knives: I thought I could even have slept soundly in their lair, if *Marià* had watched beside me. She appeared perfectly to comprehend my purpose, and led me to a fine cork tree, under whose deep shade stood the horses. My little mare turned her head and neighed out joyously when she saw me; and in another instant she was busily crushing the grapes against the bit, and swallowing the cool sweet juice with perfect complacency. By this time the regiment was

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entering the long street of the village. I gaily touched the arm of my companion, and drew her attention to the soldiers. The effect of the sight was frightful! uttering one of those unearthly, thrilling cries, to which the dumb alone can give utterance, she fled wildly into the house; and as instantly twenty fierce faces were protruded from as many lattices, and twice twenty black, flashing eyes were turned in the direction of the cry. The sound of the horses' hoofs on the paved street appeared, however, to explain the mystery of *Marie's* agony, for as if by magic, every head disappeared at once; and I stood alone under the cork tree, without sight or sound of any human being, save the approaching soldiers. All my terrors had returned tenfold; and I leant heavily against my horse, panting and trembling, and looking like any thing but a heroine. In a few seconds the wine-house and its vicinity were all alive: the officers were collected in its solitary receiving-room, and the men were standing, bridle in hand, before the door, waiting to have the spot of their halt indicated to them. In a short time they were

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swallowing huge draughts of wine, served out to them by a miserable object, half hunch-back and half dwarf, who had crawled out from among some straw in an outhouse, at the shrill summons of his mistress. I told my story of the twenty heads, and got laughed at for my pains; and then I remembered *Marià:* but she had disappeared, and the old woman answered every question which I put to her by the discordant and drawling *non star car* * with which the Portuguese favour you at every turn.

We halted here an hour; and during that hour we did not see a soul save the old hostess and the hunchback: at the end of that time, having cast a somewhat anxious backward glance to ascertain whether the baggage-mules had come up, and found them, for a wonder, all present; we mounted our horses, paid our bill with a couple of *Crusado Novos,* † which purchased for us "vivas" enough to keep us alive (had they possessed any virtue) for the "thousand years" of the pompous Spaniard; and

* Not in the house.

† A coin equivalent to half a crown.

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soon found ourselves on the steep bridge which terminates the village. I stood for one moment, and looked over the parapet; the water ran rapidly and roughly, for its flow was impeded by masses of stone quite palpable to the eye—the remnants of the old bridge. I thought of the words of our singular travelling companion: the officers and men, who had served during the war, were talking of the desperate engagement of which this spot had been the scene; and amid comments and marvelling we pursued our way. One or two shrill whistles followed us on the wind: they were doubtlessly the signals from the worthies in the hamlet to those in the woods that the English soldiers had vacated the village. I thought of the gentle, graceful, sad-looking *Marià*, and pitied her that she had such unworthy associates.

We might perhaps have proceeded about two miles, when, under the shadow of a tuft of flowering myrtles by the road side, I distinguished the handsome olive-coloured countenance and manly form of our new friend, the Portuguese raveller: he was lying comfortably at his ease

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in the cool shade, with his *cigaro* in his mouth, and his *sombrero* beside him, while his mule was quietly regaling himself with the young and tender branches of the myrtle, and bringing down upon the head of his master, as he gnawed away bough after bough, showers of the white and fragrant blossoms. It was really a sketch for a painter.

When the *Senhor* saw us, he arose leisurely: tightened his girths, mounted his mule, and, with a courteous *viva*, and a significant look, joined our party. My friend —— gave me a rueful glance: I believe he wished himself at home in Auld Reekie; but he was very civil to the *Senhor*: and, before long, we were all busied in conversation; he re-told his tale of the Redinha Ladrones, accompanying the narrative with a thousand fantastic grimaces and contortions; and, when he had exhausted his terms of opprobrium, which, to do him justice, were neither few nor faint, I spoke of the dumb girl. His fine brow became suddenly clouded by a look of sincere and unfeigned sadness.

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"*Ha! quittadinia!*"* he said in a low tone you have seen *Mariè de los Dolos.*"†

"I should like much to hear her story;" said I, as I reined up my horse beside him; "I do not know when I have felt so much interest in a stranger."

"*Quittadinia!*" he repeated mournfully, as he threw from him the remnant of his cigar: "she was once the prettiest girl in Redinha—the *Senhora* listens?"

"Attentively;" said I, with perfect sincerity.

"The father of *Mariè*," he commenced, "was *Juiz de Foro*‡ of the village: he married the only daughter of a vine-grower in the neighbourhood; they were rich people, *minha Senhora*, they visited Lisbon once a year, and no man knew better, it was thought, than *Senhor Manuel* from what point the wind blew. But times changed,

* Poor thing.

† This name, strangely as it may sound to English ears, is by no means uncommon in Portugal: though generally given from some particular and painful circumstance connected with the birth of the child, or the position of the parents.

‡ Mayor.

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that *guerra maldita*,* which for a time made Portugal a wilderness, made a bloody pause at Redinha. *Manuel* had a son, he was among the patriots, and some accursed spy had whispered this in the ear of the French officers; the intelligence was not lost on them; when they retreated before the victorious arms of the *valarosos Ingleses*" †— here he took off his *sombrero*, and bowed courteously to the party, "their first point was the house of the ill-fated *Juiz;* they had not even the mercy to drag him over his own threshold; they poured into his house by scores, the cowardly assassins — may the curse of *Saint José* rest on them!—they asked him for his son —the brave *rapaz* ‡ was in the mountains fighting for his country, and he was not forthcoming— they knew it, the bloody minded bandits! they knew it—they never expected to find him there! The *Donna Carlotta* was then young and handsome, and *Mariè dos Dolos* an infant scarce four years old. They butchered the old man first—on his own hearth. The *Donna del Caza*, §

* Accursed war.
† Brave English.
‡ Youth—lad.
§ Lady of the house.

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with the true instinct of a mother, caught up he last-born, and, as it proved, her only child; and concealed her in a narrow closet, when she first heard the tumult without. The hiding-place was a secure one, but the innocent child could see and hear all that passed in the *aposento* † of her father's house. Her mother left her there with a hurried blessing and a breaking heart; and hastened back to her husband. As she passed the threshold she saw *Manuel* in the grasp of two ruffians—I am tedious with my story," he added, as he wiped away the moisture from his forehead, "you must pardon me. *Nâo sei que lhe fazer!* ‡ When I think of that day my heart beats so fast that my tongue struggles to keep pace with it."

"No apologies are necessary, *Senhor*," said my father encouragingly, "your feelings do you honour."

"*Agradeço meu, Senhor*," † said the animated stranger, "but there are moments when the wrongs of my fellow-countrymen prove too much for my self-possession—shall I go on?"

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* Sitting-room. † I cannot help it.
‡ I thank you.

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"If you can do so with comfort to yourself, we shall be indebted to you," replied my father.

"*Com todo o meu coraçaô* * — the *Donna* sprang towards the father of her children, and clasped her arms about him; but she was too late —the dagger was in his heart: and they taunted him too, that dying man, with the loyalty of his son, and the virtue of his wife! He smiled at the first taunt, even amid his agony; but, *Senhores*, he shuddered at the second, when he saw his young wife, the beauty of the province, rush towards him, exclaiming, as she came, '*Quem com ferro mata, a ferro morre!*' † What cared they for the warning voice? their eyes were on her young beauty, and well was it for *Manuel* that he died ere he had seen that fair and gentle creature on her knees before *Nossa Senhora* praying for death to release her from her shame—or, ere he beheld her boldly secure to herself that blessed escape from further evil which her ruthless ene-

* With all my heart.

† He who kills by the sword, dies by the sword.

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mies had denied!" The hitherto volatile *Senhor* paused; a moisture had risen to his dark eye, and such had been his animated manner of telling the story that not one of the party felt disposed to break the silence; after a while he resumed:

"Well, well, *cada qual por si, e Deos por todos* *—the *Senhora* died by her own hand, and no one blamed her: but she left a helpless orphan in her husband's house: the French fired it when they saw the poor lady with a stiletto in her heart, for the plate and valuables had been removed at the beginning of the war. *Manuel* had kept but one treasure in his house—the dearest, the best—and it had been wrenched from him, and dyed in blood! A peasant who loved *Manuel* chanced to remember the child—he searched for it while the fire thickened around him, and he found it; it was a fair and fond girl, but although the little innocent clung to her preserver, she lisped out no enquiry for her mother; she made no wail as she was borne through that scene of blood and flame; her arms were wound closely, convulsively about his neck, but she did

* Every one for himself, and God for us all.

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not utter a sound. *Nossa Senhora Misericordiosa* † had been with her in her concealment; and when she would have shrieked out as she saw the iron in her father's heart, and rude arms encircling her mother's neck, Our Lady graciously denied to her the power of utterance which would have betrayed her to the enemy. They tried to wile her into words when they had carried her to a place of safety, but she never spoke again—the houseless orphan of *Manuel Estadi* was dumb, and a beggar!"

The *Senhor's* voice had become unsteady as he proceeded with his story, and he was evidently unwilling that we should perceive how much he was affected by it. In consequence, I have no doubt, of some secret and well-understood signal, his fine mule which had hitherto been a pattern for all the mules in the country, began suddenly to make pirouettes with its nose in the air, in that peculiarly ludicrous manner common to the mulish race; and before the animal was again brought to its original state of docility, the *Senhor* had recovered his self-possession.

* Our Merciful Lady.

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"*Olha como me trata este animal!*" * he said gaily: "he thinks, I suppose, that he has got a drunken friar on his back—*Olha maroto!*" † he continued, playfully pinching one of its long ears; "do you want to bury *Josè Joachim* in the sand, or to smother *esta Senhora?*" ‡

"Oh! oh! Senhor *José Joachim!*" exclaimed I, glad to escape for a time from the melancholy story of poor *Mariè;* "we now know your name, at least."

"*Disponha vossa Senhoria como lhe parecer deste seu criado!*" § said he, as he politely withdrew his hat with a good humoured laugh: "you do indeed now, *minha Senhora*, know the *who*, but you are yet, remember, ignorant of the *what*."

We all laughed heartily: "Nevertheless," replied I, "I do not believe that you are the Marquis of Chaves."

"*Debaixo de má capa jaz bom bebedor:*" ‖ said the Portuguese good-humouredly: "nevertheless

* See the brute how he uses me! † You rogue!
‡ This lady. § Do what you like with your servant.
‖ A tattered cloak may cover a good drinker.

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I am *not* the Marquis of Chaves; I would rather be a monk than a traitor."

"*Viva!*" said I: "then you are at all events on our side?"

"Who would not be on the side which boasted of *vossa Senhoria?*" asked the indefatigable *Senhor José* in reply.

"But you have not told us all the tale of poor *Mari;*" said I, as the smile went round our party; and I judged it better not to press my enquiries by suggesting my other two guesses of the Spanish spy and the robber chief: "how came she at the village *estralagem?*"

"There is little more to tell, lady; the hostess is her grandmother, the aged parent of *Manuel;* who was at one of their vineyards beyond the mountain yonder, when the French burnt the village, and so escaped with life to find herself childless and a beggar. The people of the village felt for her, but they could do no more, for they had all suffered more or less;——may the saints revenge them in their own good time! But a new star was about to rise over Redinha;

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One, whose name is as well not uttered on the highway, built himself a house on the spot where that of *Manuel* had once stood; and in a short time others of the same profession" — here he struck his hand significantly on the hilt of his stiletto "came and built near him — they were all *muito bom gente** when they had a house over their heads; and they called themselves vine-growers, and muleteers, and artisans: and the great men yonder," and he pointed back in the direction of Lisbon, "thought it better not to trouble them with questions which might have proved troublesome to the Redinha people, and perhaps dangerous to themselves if they should have occasion to travel this road—and so they went on building by day, and walking the woods by night, until the place became such as you see it. The bridge was rebuilt by the proper authorities; but all the rest was done by the inhabitants. They buy the land in the neighbourhood at their own price, for no one who does not belong to their company would venture to live near them. They soon dislodged all the old inhabitants, for

* Very good people.

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they fled in fear to exist on the little that they had left, in other villages, away from painful memories and dangerous neighbours. The old woman and her dumb grandchild alone remained; they knew not whither to bend their steps, to them Redinha had been a world, and their thoughts did not travel beyond it. All praise be to Our Lady! they were kindly treated; and food and shelter were offered to them if they chose to remain in the village. What could they do? They were hungry and houseless; and they thankfully accepted the boon. I suppose, *Senhores*, the travellers who were met on their way to and from Lisbon were well worth shaking hands with, or the men of Redinha thought that charity to the stricken old woman and her helpless charge would bring them the blessing of *Nossa Senhora;* but certain it is that after some time they gave the withered woman the house in which you saw her; and they put wood into her yard, and wine into her cellar; aye, and paid for what they drank beneath her roof, lest her trade with the travellers should slacken; and it is said that as the girl grew up there were some among them who would

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have been glad to have taken her to their own homes; and to have waited on her themselves in lieu of the misshapen *anâo* * who lives beneath the roof of her grandmother, for very love of the poor dumb girl, with her quiet smiles, and her kind eyes."

"And why would not *Mariè* marry one of these men?" I asked much interested; "was it because she knew that they were robbers?"

"That is a question to which the *Senhora* must pardon me if I do not reply," said the Portuguese, as the blood flushed his clear cheek, and spread over his forehead.

"I am answered"—I said: "your crimsoned brow has told me the tale better than words—poor *Mariè* had bestowed her heart elsewhere."

"The *Senhora* is right," murmured *Senhor Josè* in a low tone.

"Where her affection was not returned?" I pursued also *sotto voce*.

"She gave it to one whose heart was in Lisbon, even when his voice was heard in Redinha, and his foot was on its *Calçada*—to one

* Dwarf.

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who pited her ; who would have served her if he could; who felt as though he could have wept over her when he learnt her secret."

"I wish that man a fair bride, and a fond home — a fruitful vineyard, and a sure-footed mule:" said I, significantly.

The *Senhor* silently withdrew his *sombrero*, and made me an acknowledging bend. I saw that the subject was a painful one; and anxious to relieve him of all feeling of discomfort, I resumed more gaily: "The *Senhor José Joachim* was not always then so careful to avoid the lair of the *Ladrones* as he now is?"

He did not immediately reply, but at length he said, in the same subdued voice in which he had just spoken, "*Vossa Senhoria* would have thought me a coxcomb, or a Gascon, had I said that I turned off my road that the sight of me might not cloud yet deeper an already shaded brow?"

I looked at this strange man in wonder.

"I said too, lady, though you may long since have forgotten that I made the remark, that there was one in Redinha who liked me less

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than was desireable for my safety. *Vossa Senhoria* has a quick eye and a ready wit; I need not explain the cause of quarrel."

"I see it all—I see it all—and she yet lives on in her sickly hope, and clings to her unhappy passion?—poor, poor *Mariè*."

"*Nossa Senhora he infinitamente bom;*" * was the pious reply, as he devoutly crossed himself: "she will surely overcome the feeling when she hears that there is a young bride in the house of my father's son."

"Heaven grant it!" said I "poor, desolate, afflicted, heart-broken *Mariè!*"

The next time that I saw our friend, *José Joachim*, he was seated, guitar in hand, on the back of the leading mule of a long string, which were transporting corn up the country for the use of the English troops. He was as gay and as light-hearted as ever, but less smartly attired. In short, as he himself explained it, he was on duty. *José Joachim* was in fact a *Capitrass*, or owner of a string of mules, which he employed

* Our Lady is very gracious.

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in the service of the army, at a stated daily price; he was a man of somewhat better family than you would have looked for in such a situation of life; but *José* had been a wild youth, fond of spending his money, and too indolent to earn more; greatly given to rambling about the country with his guitar slung at his back, and his trusty *pâo** in his hand; and a welcome visitor to every pretty, black-eyed, rosy-lipped *Senhora* between Lisbon and Oporto, whatever he might be to their fathers. At length, just what might have been expected took place; the volatile *José Joachim* concentrated his compliments, and condensed his attentions: in short, he fell in love—but the sturdy old father of the pretty *Josepha* would not hear a word about the match, and had no sympathy with either the handsome face or the soft guitar of the suitor: under these circumstances *Senhor José* found it absolutely necessary to reform; but when he had come to this sage decision, he happened to remember that he had not money enough left to

* A long pole, with which the natives assist themselves in leaping, climbing, &c.

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support a wife—ergo, he must not only be steady, but industrious. But *José* had never been a man to sit down in despair before difficulties, like a besieging army before a city, in the hope of starving out the enemy: no, he always liked better to wrestle with whatever opposed him, and overcome it manfully: and now that he was in love, and that his little *Josepha* had solemnly promised to wait for him, even if it should be for *six months!* he had an additional motive for exertion.

Had he been an Englishman, with his organ of locomotiveness so powerfully developed, he would decidedly have turned his thoughts to driving a stage coach: as it was, his vagrant propensities mounted him on a mule, while his small remaining capital purchased for him a string of about twenty more.

Senhor José, with his good looks and his ready jest, was a general favourite; and no *Capitrass* ever superseded him in the market. His four muleteers took their tone from himself, and were as gay and as gallant as courtiers. It may be presumed, too, that the handsome *Senhor* attri-

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buted some of his good fortune to his good looks, for he had selected four subordinates, who had turned many a fair head, and made many a young heart beat, as well as their master.

We saw him, as we had said he should, continually while he were up the country; after which we entirely lost sight of him, until about a month before we left Portugal: when we were told that a person was waiting without who wished to see us. We desired that he would walk in: when, to our astonishment, our old friend and fellow-traveller, *Senhor José Joachim*, entered the room. But such a metamorphose! there he stood, in a blue body-coat, a white waistcoat, drab trowsers, and black neck-cloth, and a small round hat dangling in his hand! We all stared at him in astonishment,—and how much did that astonishment increase when he told us that he was actually on his way to England! He had married *Josepha;* and she had already embarked for the Brazils, whither he was to follow her as soon as he had placed his money, the amount of which was by no means inconsiderable, in the British funds.

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"*Tudo póde a dinheiro,* Senhores;*" he said significantly, "I have had some trouble, and have travelled some leagues to earn mine—not so much, or so many, as I might have expected, thanks be to the *valerosos e bem criados Ingleses**—and now I have got it, I will take care of it. I sail to-morrow by the first tide; and I was anxious to kiss your hands before I left the country."

"But what has induced you to leave Portugal—your own sunny Portugal?" I asked with some interest.

"An affection for the very indifferent-looking head which it has pleased Nature to put upon my shoulders, *minha Senhora:*" was the reply, in a tone which was somewhat tinctured with pomposity. "His Highness, Dom Miguel, is no friend of mine—I knew him before he was sent on board the English vessel, years ago—we were both lads then, and he was a king's son; nevertheless, I knew him; and he acknowledged the acquaintance by promising me that the day would yet come when he should shew me his

* Money governs the world. † Brave and well-bred.

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peculiar method of securing a secret of His Highness's, which was in my keeping. I did not affect ignorance of his meaning then, nor do I intend to give him an opportunity of explaining himself more perfectly now. I have a warm heart, as *Vossa Senhoria* may well believe, when you remember that I am the husband of *Josepha* — I do not wish to have it chilled by cold steel."

"*Adios*, then, *Senhor José Joachim:*" said I, "fair winds and smooth seas to you—and a happy meeting with your pretty *Josepha.*"

"*Fico muito obrigado a vossa Senhoria;*"* said the *Senhor*, as he touched the hand which I extended towards him with his lips: "When I see her again, I shall be the happiest man in the Brazils."

"And poor *Mariè*, *Senhor?*"

"I expected the question, lady—*Nossa Senhora dos Dolos* has taken her to her bosom:—there is a cross at the head of her grave in the burying-ground at Redinha—one who loved her to the last placed it there. We have knelt side

* I am very much obliged to your Ladyship.

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by side at that low narrow grave, for the Saints have softened both our hearts: and she prayed him before she died, by looks and gestures, which he could neither mistake nor resist, to throw away his hatred against one whom *she*"——

The *Senhor* paused—we readily finished the sentence in the silence of our own hearts.

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THE DOG OF CONDEIXA.

A LEGEND OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

PERHAPS no town on the line of road from Lisbon to Oporto is more beautifully situated than Condeixa. As you approach it from the capital, a tall, stern mountain, whose grandeur of outline and depth of shade are in striking relief against the bright blue sky, towers on your right hand; while on the left, dense pine woods yield, as you near the town, to clusters of the gum-cistus; clumps of flowering myrtle; patches of wild geranium and lavender; fences of aloe and prickly

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pear, enclosing bright fields of Indian corn, with its large weeping leaves, rustling and waving in the wind, like the banners of a fairy host: and delicious groves of orange trees, in all their stages of beauty, perfume, and luxury. But the peculiar charm of this fair scene is the bright river, which wanders among these beautiful trees, falling from rock to rock in a series of natural cascades perfectly enchanting; now boiling into a light spray which glitters in the sun like a cloud of liquid silver; now thundering over some unusually bulky impediment, with the roar and hurry of a pigmy avalanche. Higher up, for the town stands on a gentle eminence, the glad sound of a mill-wheel breaks on the ear; and sheltered in a nook, which would be a fitting home for a dryad, stands the pretty cottage of the miller; I was careful not to enter it, and consequently the illusion was never dispelled. The house was small, brilliantly white, and built in a cleft of rock, by which it was enclosed on two sides: I should think that the worthy miller must have had a daughter, or, at least, a handsome wife—for a female hand was appa-

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rent throughout the whole of the *locale*—flowers bloomed in clusters about the portal: a most unusual thing in Portugal, but there they were—mountain flowers, perhaps, but only on that account the more lovely; but what delighted me far more than even the bright flowers, were the long, graceful, clinging branches of a wild vine, which, rooted at the base of one portion of the rock, spread its fantastic festoons along the roof of the cottage, and, heaving with every breath of wind, finally wreathed itself among the fissures of the opposite side; it had all the effect of a scenic delusion, save that it was more beautiful! As this wilding child of the mountain never produces fruit, it had to contend only with the weight of its broad bright-green leaves; and never did I see any thing more graceful. Crossing the bridge, we entered the town, where the hand of war is still fearfully apparent—it is indebted for its beauty chiefly to its situation; but its day of glory is certainly gone by, for the *Quintas*, which were once the pride and ornament of its suburbs, have nearly all disappeared; the sword and the brand have swept them away.

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The ruins still remain; in some cases because their owners lost life or property in the same cause in which their dwellings were sacrificed; in others, because their possessors shrink from the fearful associations with which their site is connected, or have made other homes.

We resided, during our short sojourn in this town, in the house of a widow lady of good connexions and considerable property, whose family consisted, with herself, of an orphan niece, and a venerable-looking priest, her confessor. This lady, whose politeness and good breeding were strikingly apparent, insisted on our becoming her guests during our stay; and in a moment of emotion, produced by sad memories of the past, she told us the simple, but *authentic*, tale which I am about to relate.

Padré André, the confessor, was the only unmanageable member of the family; for the niece was young, pretty, warm-hearted, and unaffected—but the *Padré* was a poet, and a musician; and a truly original genius in the sister arts. He presented to us, on our arrival, an extemporaneous sonnet of welcome, which I forbear to

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translate, lest it should cause a smile at the expense of the good Father's talent, which I would fain spare him in consideration of his good nature. When we left the town, he was busily engaged in setting it to music, in order that his very ill-conditioned violin might share in the mysteries of his muse.

We walked out in the cool of a delicious evening to the remains of what had once been the beautiful *Quinta* of our hostess: it was a heap of blackened ruins, and the trees in its immediate vicinity were tinged, to my fancy, impossible as the fact was, with the same dark shade. Donna Anna shed tears as she stood and looked around her in silence, and we began to regret that we had accepted her offer of conducting us to her former home; but after a time she rallied; and when we had seated ourselves upon the loose fragments of some fallen statuary, beside a choaked-up fountain, and under the shade of a fine pomegranate tree, she told us her mournful story.

Ere the commencement of the Peninsular War, she was a happy wife, and the mother of two fair children; the eldest was a

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son; and when he saw his father gird on his sword to lead his regiment to victory against the sworn enemies of his country, under the banners of *Wellington*, he would not be left behind—he was barely sixteen, but the spirit of his father was within him, and on the same day, she bade farewell to her husband and her son. Isabel, her daughter, was scarcely his junior by a year; and yet, when she hung upon the neck of her father, and kissed the fond lips of her brother on the evening of their departure, how did she envy her weeping mother that she had but two to mourn! Poor Isabel! another went forth to the battle dearer to her even than these. Henrique de los Santos had already received her plighted faith; and Isabel felt as though she were indeed utterly bereft, as these three dear ones rode through the *Quinta* gate. *Henrique* lingered the last; he had another whisper for her ear—another kiss for her pale cheek; and, at length, he put his swift horse to its speed, and gallopped off without turning his head, as though he feared to trust himself with another look.

The accounts which the bereaved ones received

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from the army were necessarily uncertain and infrequent; but while they were indulging in their anxious sorrow, war came even to their own dwelling, and they were forced to fly. The extreme beauty of *Isabel* was an additional peril, of which the heart-stricken *Donna Anna* was fully conscious; and even while she rejoiced at the tidings that the British and Patriot armies were compelling the French forces to fly before them, she yet trembled, as she remembered the near neighbourhood of those dreaded foes. She escaped from Condeixa with her child; and, in the garb of peasants, slowly, timidly, but resolutely, they made their way to Lisbon. The hurry of their flight had merely enabled *Donna Anna* to carry with her the small sum of money which chanced to be in the house, and such of her jewels as she could conveniently secrete about her own person, and that of her daughter; consequently on her arrival in Lisbon she felt that her limited means would scarcely suffice for the present necessities of life, and that with its luxuries she could for a time have nothing to do. Under these circumstances, she hired an apart-

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ment on the second floor of a mean house, and thither *Isabel* and herself went meekly and gratefully to await with throbbing hearts some tidings of their absent heroes.

The news came too soon: *Donna Anna* had walked into the city to gather from the garrulous groupes that thronged its streets something of hope with which to cheer her drooping child; and *Isabel* sat alone, the large tears falling on her pale cheeks, and her thoughts full of *Henrique*, when a violent scratching at the door of the apartment, and a low whine, which she recognised in an instant, aroused her from her reverie. For a moment she could not believe her senses, but in the next, she sprang from her chair, and gave admittance to a little ill-favoured mongrel, which she instantly caught up in her arms, and almost smothered with her caresses. The dog received the pressure of her small hand, and even of her warm lips, with quiet satisfaction, but he betrayed no symptom of delight; on the contrary, he uttered at intervals a low, wailing, melancholy whine which struck to the heart of *Isabel*.

"And your master,"—at length she gasped

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out, as though the little animal could hear and answer her: "he who vowed that for my sake he would never part from you while he had life; though those who knew not your history might sneer at your want of beauty—where is he? is he on his road to his own *Isabel?*" The dog gave out another low, piercing wail.

The young girl started! A thousand horrible suspicions swept accross her brain—and yet how came the dog in Lisbon, unless brought there by his master? I am aware, even while I write, that many who read this little sketch will hesitate to believe what I am about to declare: but nevertheless it is a fact, that this dog, when his master was taken prisoner by the French, in a wounded and dying state, had followed his fortunes; until after having seen him thrown into his narrow and unnoted grave, he had made his way, first through the French, and afterwards through the British, Army, and had then actually traced his former mistress to her obscure dwelling in a back street in Lisbon! I speak of the fact with confidence, for I had it from the lips of an officer of rank; who, on the termination of the

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war, escorted *Donna Anna* and the heart-broken *Isabel* to their native town; in compliance with the wish of the dying girl, that she should draw her last breath among her own beloved mountains. On their journey to Condeixa, Colonel ——— frequently saw and caressed the dog, while endeavouring to cheer the sinking strength of the beautiful invalid, in whose litter the animal travelled the whole way, and whose side he never quitted for an instant.

When *Donna Anna* returned from her melancholy walk, she found her daughter with the little animal on her lap, but she caressed him no longer; her head was bent down over him, and her eyes were tearless, yet there was an expression of calm, resigned, despair about her, which convinced the mother that a more fitting moment could never arrive in which to impart the miserable tidings which she brought.

"*Isabel!*" she said gently: "*minha querida** *Isabel*"—and the fair girl looked up with a smile of such hopeless misery, that the mother felt as if her heart would break: "the faithful little brute has come far to see you."

* My darling.

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"He has done his errand well;" was the calm reply: "he has prepared me for that which you are about to tell me—*Henrique* is dead"—

The widow—for even at that moment *Donna Anna* knew that she was a widow,—turned aside, for she could not brook the tone and look of *Isabel.*

"He is happier than we are, mother, for his cares are over—we have but commenced ours. Our Lady of the Flagellation has taught me that I have set up a perishable idol, and that I have loved it beyond my *God* and my own blood—but you will forgive me, mother, for my altar is overthrown, and my lamp extinguished. — We have now but two left over whom to mourn: I ask you not to weep for me—other grief than my own were needless here, and though the sword and the bullet may bring death, we are not quite hopeless while there is a sorrow which kills also!"

"We have no longer two to mourn, my child!" exclaimed *Donna Anna*, with a burst of grief which would no longer be suppressed. "I am alone with my children!"

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"Two! two!" murmured *Isabel*, as she pressed her hand upon her throbbing temples: "the blow is heavy! but there are no tears in the grave—and my brave brother?"

"He yet lives—Our Lady be praised!" was the meek reply.

"Poor youth! his sacrifice is not yet completed — mother, mother, this war is a fearful thing! it dyes our hearths with blood, and burns up our brain with fire—nay, nay, tell me not" she added passionately, "tell me not, that they died for their country!—what care *we* for this? you, who are widowed? and I, who am — I scarcely know what I am now:—will that country give us back our dead? will it restore light to their eyes, and passion to their hearts? will it suffer the nerveless fingers to clasp ours again as they were wont to do; and bid us listen, as we did in our days of happiness, to gentle words, from lips which are now livid and gory in the grave? Talk not to me of my country—*my* country is where I may again meet *Henrique* where my father now dwells in glory."

The paryoxism of unnatural energy was past,

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and *Isabel* sank senseless at the feet of her distracted mother. For a time *Donna Anna* believed that the spirit of her child had fled, but it was not so; slowly and painfully she awoke from her deathlike swoon, only to become the tenant of a sick bed.

At length the last bolt fell: even by the couch of her suffering child did the widow learn that her brave boy was in the city, dying of his wounds. Isabel caught, and at once understood the low whisper in which the tidings were communicated. "Our Lady has heard my prayer;" she said, as she raised herself on her elbow, and signed the cross on her breast. "I shall yet see him once again:—mother, he is stricken,—dying:—lend me your arm that I may rise, and give up to him the only bed which our country has left us."—

Donna Anna would have refused compliance, but *Isabel* was resolute; "Mother," she whispered; "*his* wounds will require rest—*mine* can never know it; bear with me then, and do not let me see you weep; is not your son about to cross your threshold once more? and will you welcome him with tears?"

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The young soldier was carried over that threshold in the arms of four of his comrades—he only went to die; but it was strangely beautiful to see his fading sister, herself scarcely less feeble, bending over his pillow, and wiping from his brow the death-damps which settled there; while they talked together of their dead father, of *Henrique*, and of the spot were they fell: and *Isabel* never shed a tear, never breathed a sigh; but when a momentary flashing of enthusiasm lit up the fine, though faded, features of her brother, she smiled sadly and bitterly, and only shook her head.

They were alone together when he died: and the girl, when he had heaved his last sigh upon her bosom, resolutely rose, bound a fillet about his head, and composed his limbs decently and tenderly; and then she took her seat beside the body, and with her arm twined around its neck, and her face buried on its bosom, she lay calmly and tearlessly awaiting the return of her mother.

The sad tale is almost told: When the British arms restorted peace to Portugal, *Isabel*, then wasted and worn to a shadow, became anxious

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to see, ere she died, the loved mountains and pleasant vallies amid which she had wandered with her dead lover, in the days when life was all hope and sunshine. The heart-bowed *Donna Anna*, who clung to her dying child as to her last hold on happiness, instantly complied; and *Isabel*, accompained by her mother, and the faithful and sagacious little animal which had been the herald of all her misery, left Lisbon, under the protection of Colonel———

I saw her grave; it was overgrown with turf and wild-flowers; and the dog, which only survived its mistress a few weeks, lies at her feet.

Donna Anna finds her best consolation for all the sorrow and bereavement which she has undergone in the holy offices of religion and charity: but sometimes, as she confessed to us, when the tide of memory rolls back upon her, she utters a secret prayer that she may ere long be gathered to her loved ones!

"I thought not to have lived many days after I laid the head of my blessed child in her grave;" said the old lady, in concluding her narrative;

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"and yet, here I am still; my hair has long been white, and my step feeble—but Our Lady is good; and I am contented *estar esperando pela minha hora.*" *

* To wait for God's time.

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COIMBRA.

All hail to the convents and colleges of Coimbra!—to its wooded heights; its smiling *Quintas*; and its sunny river, gliding like a sweet spirit amid leaves, and flowers, and perfume; over golden sands, and under a sky as blue as the eye of beauty, and as bright! Lovely Mondego!—here, washing the base of a dark rock, convent-crowned—there, kissed by the graceful branches of the weeping willow; and further yet in the distance bearing away upon thy gentle tide a shower of the pink and white almond-blossoms,

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like a fleet of fairy-barks! Pilfering from the *Quinta* gardens the sweet breath of the orange trees, and from the convent choirs the soft voices of the nuns. I sketched the Mondego — here is the portrait:

Sweet Mondego! sweet Mondego! when thy sparkling waves were glowing,
As the sunlight looked in beauty on thy bosom calm and clear;
By thy banks I lov'd to wander when the summer winds were blowing,
And the distant sound of convent bells broke sweetly on mine ear.

I have heard them! I have heard them! when their silver chimes were ringing,
As I sat among the willows while the stream was gliding past;
And the pale-brow'd nuns in saintly tones their hymns of praise were singing,
Till I almost wept to think my lot amid the world was cast!

Flow on sweetly! Flow on sweetly! where the almond trees are flinging
Their pinken flowers, like fairy-barks, on thy light unruffled breast,
While the orange-trees their tribute-gifts of scent and bloom are bringing,
And the wild swan 'neath their spreading boughs doth build her secret nest.

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Glide on, fair stream! Glide on, fair stream! while leaves and flowers enfold thee,
Cool be the wave, and green the banks, I ne'er again may see:
Oh! may'st thou glide in beauty still, though I no more behold thee,
For sweetly will thy memory for ever dwell with me!

The first view of Coimbra is very beautiful, after descending the steep hill on the Condeixa side of the city. A party of women came to meet us, on our arrival, with large baskets of oranges, which they gave to any one who would accept them. We were the less surprized at this instance of liberality, when we learned that in the neighbourhood of Coimbra, the pigs are great consumers of this delightful fruit; and we ourselves purchased thirty-six for a *vintim*,—one penny farthing!

The costume of the students of the University is very picturesque and graceful; consisting of silk stockings, pumps, and gowns of *gros de naples;* they are always scrupulously neat about the feet: indeed, to such an extreme do they carry their care on this point, that they have houses appointed in different streets, where they change their shoes;

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and this, owing to the filthy state of the city, they are under the necessity of doing many times during the day. While we were waiting in the great square outside the town, ere we proceeded to the different houses in which we were to reside, a great number of the students collected round the soldiers, eager for news, and anxious to gratify their curiosity, and to amuse their leisure by a survey of the new-comers; when espying our English Phaeton, their amazement was quite ludicrous. They walked round it, shook it with all their strength, and appeared lost in wonder that a vehicle, apparently so fragile, should have contended so successfully with the vile state of their roads as to have reached Coimbra entire. It certainly afforded an infinity of conversation.

Shortly afterwards I again mounted my horse, and rejoined my father; and never, before nor since, had I so much learning in my train; every street and alley disgorged a score or more of embryo luminaries, and they followed "thick and fast" as we passed along. One of these determined novelty-hunters in his anxiety to see my face, was running beside us, on the fine

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bridge which spans the Mondego just outside the city, and fell over an old woman who was begging: down *he* came on the pavement, and down *she* rolled into the road, amid the laughter of the thoughtless passengers; her language, on recovering her breath, was energetic overmuch, but not particularly courteous; it did not, however, appear to affect the offender, who scrambled up again, and left her to follow his example.

The University of Coimbra has been so frequently described, that it were mere presumption in me to say any thing on the subject of the institution. With the library I was delighted; the beautiful appearance of the whole apartment, with its black and gold ornaments, and its well-arranged contents, is extremely striking. It is far more rich in scarce works, valuable manuscripts, and black-letter volumes, than the library at Alcobaça; and, although infinitely less elegant, has an air of repose and quiet far better adapted to the purposes of study. If the light and glittering locality at Alcobaça invited thoughts of Metastasio, and Spencer, and Surry, this more sobered and more solemn apartment led the mind

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to communings with Dante, and our own undying Milton. The librarian was a venerable looking old man, with hair like silver, and a bright intelligent eye—he had the appearance of having grown gray among the sages of antiquity, by whom we saw him surrounded. He did the honours of the place most courteously, and was indefatigable in pointing out to us every thing rare or costly. Among other curiosities, he put into our hands an illuminated MS. copy of the Bible, on vellum; and a quarto copy of Camoen's Lusiad, published in London, and finely illustrated. The collection of engravings was superb, and many of them were extremely ancient and scarce. The gallery, which extended round the apartment, was divided into compartments: each compartment occupied by works in one particular language. Thus there was a Spanish, a Latin, a Greek, a French, a German, an English, and an Italian library; each distinct the one from the other; and affording a great saving of time and trouble to the student.

On making the tour of the gallery, I enquired if the members of the University had indiscrimi-

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nate access to all the works which were there collected? He said Yes—each student, giving a receipt for the books which he withdrew, was entitled to remove them for the purpose of more private study than was afforded by the library itself. I could not forbear remarking that some of them were of a nature which I should have thought would have excluded them from an establishment professedly Catholic; and particularly where they were open to the perusal of young men studying for the church. He enquired, with some surprise, to what I could possibly allude?

I took down a copy of Voltaire's celebrated work on the Bible.—"I allude to this," I said briefly;—and I shall not easily forget his astonishment. After this specimen of the universality of the collection, it would have been vain to comment upon Gil Blas, Lewis's Monk, and a score of works of the same class, as they were comparatively innoxious.

The principle of the Portuguese, in the formation both of their libraries and museums, appears to be undeviating—they will have quality if

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they can obtain it—but they will have quantity at any rate.

One of the most interesting objects in the neighbourhood of Coimbra is the *Quinta das Lagrimas*,* where the unfortunate *Ignez de Castro* was so long confined. The *Quinta* is long, gloomy, and unsightly, but contains some finely-proportioned apartments. The gardens are extensive, and the parterre filled with the most costly flowers. At the extremity of the grounds rises a perpendicular rock of great height; whence issues a spring, which, after passing some distance through the heart of the rock, falls eventually into a beautiful natural basin, and then glides away into a bath lined with granite, whence it is let off by sluices.

There is a legend attached to this romantic spot, which, if not true, well deserves to be so. During the sojourn of *Donna Ignez* in the *Quinta*, the locality was under strict *surveillance*, and the heart-stricken husband in vain endeavoured to gain access to his no less wretched bride; in his wanderings he discovered this rock-spring, when

* Villa of Tears.

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he instantly occupied himself, at safe intervals, in perforating a passage sufficiently capacious to admit a small ball of cork: having achieved this, he caused the balls to be made, and hollowed into boxes; and in these he enclosed letters, which, every day at a particular hour, he committed to the rock, when they were impelled onward by the current of water, and finally floated on the basin, where they were secured by the imprisoned Princess.

The *cicerone* displays to the visitor, with much emphasis, half a dozen stones, which the strong mineral properties of the spring have encrusted with a sort of red rust; and a root of very long, and flexible, and silky, water-weed; as the blood, and a lock of the hair of the royal martyr. They retain a most loving memory of all which concerned this amiable and lovely woman: and would hold it little less than sacrilege should you venture a doubt as to the authenticity of these reliques — and truly one has little disposition to do so at the moment when one is standing beside the mouth of the spring; listening to the low, gentle fall of its waters, as

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they trickle through the rock; and remembering, moreover, that *she*, the beautiful, the murdered *Ignez*, so stood, so listened, in her young loveliness, but with a deeper feeling, and a more holy hope!

Two very fine cypresses are now growing at the foot of the rock beside the spring; and a stone is erected beneath the one on the right hand, on which is graven an appropriate extract from the Lusiad of Camoens. It is a most interesting scene, both from situation and tradition.

In a line with this *Quinta*, at the foot of the bridge, stands a very extensive Monastery, of the Dominican Order. This establishment once contained near two hundred monks, but in 1827 was only inhabited by *five*. Four officers of the ——— regiment, were, during our sojourn at Coimbra, quartered on these holy brothers, who appeared to be most anxious to rid themselves of their unwelcome guests; this arrangement they could not, however, effect: and, in the true spirit of inhospitality, they determined, if possible, to "starve out the garrison;" and accordingly re-

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fused to afford to their inmates the slightest accommodation which it was in their power to withhold; a small room, or cell, a chair, and a table, being all the conveniences which they would contribute towards the comfort of their "ancient allies." It may be believed that *messieurs les officiers* were not slow to retaliate the churlishness of *messieurs les moines*, and consequently no affectation of courtesy passed between the parties. The reverend brotherhood had usually retired to their cells for the night when their inmates returned from the mess, and this arrangement precluded the possibility of very frequent meetings. It chanced that, on some occasion, one of their compulsory guests, owing to a sudden indisposition, left the mess an hour or two earlier than he was accustomed to do, and was on his way to his apartment, when he stumbled over something, in the long gallery which he had to traverse; and a sound between a groan and a grunt issued from the huge bulk of one of the monks, who was lying on the stone floor, "alone in his glory." The intruder spoke to his godly host, but received no reply; he

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again applied his foot somewhat energetically, and a second sound, still more indicative of inebriety than the first, followed the touch. The Officer summoned his servant with a lamp; and when the light arrived, he discovered that the portly monk had not power to stand or to articulate; he accordingly assisted his servant to raise him; and, guided by the sounds of merriment and hilarity, they carried, or rather dragged, their charge into a room, in which sat the remaining *parti quarré* of the community, in the midst of pig-skins of wine, untrimmed lamps, and soiled glasses: they had just sense enough left to comprehend what was passing before them, and their consternation was extreme. Not one of them ventured to utter a word; but the following morning at breakfast their guests were amused, as well as surprised, by a supply of fresh eggs and fruit; and during the remainder of their sojourn in the monastery, every thing which could be procured by their hosts was offered to them in profusion. There was a fine chapel attached to this abbey, and its revenues were very extensive. On a height above the

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Dominican Monastery stands the convent of Santa Clara, beautifully situated, and possessing very fine and well-kept gardens and orangeries. I paid a visit to the Prioress, attended by a friend, but could not gain admittance beyond the parlour. The gentleman who accompanied me was detained for a time at the gate, while I was introduced to the Prioress, who, I was informed, wished me to answer a question before she could admit my companion. The apartment was very neatly matted, and scrupulously clean. The interior of the room in which the nuns were standing, by whom I was received, was quite visible; a double grating separated it from the parlour; and in the space between the two gratings stood a small box on wheels, with a ribbon attached to each extremity, for the purpose of drawing it in either direction, in order to transfer sweetmeats, or any little present which the visitor and the visited might be desirous to exchange.

The Prioress, a fine, and really well-bred woman, after expressing her gratification at the compliment I had paid her by this visit to her community, begged to know whether the gentle-

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man who accompanied me was my father. I replied in the negative. Was he my husband? I said, "No."—"Is he your brother, then?" persisted the Prioress; "as, if he be not a relation, I cannot admit him." I took the hint, and said that he was my brother. He was immediately requested to walk up, and took his seat in the parlour. We were introduced to five or six of the sisterhood, and to one novice, as lovely a woman as I ever beheld, about nineteen years of age. The dress of the order of Santa Clara is becoming in the extreme, and the head-gear almost coquettish in its arrangement; but the young novice appeared not to bestow a thought on her appearance: she looked dejected and heartless. I enquired if she had made her vocation from choice? she said that she had; and she said it with the sweetest smile and the softest voice in the world. It was ten thousand pities that she should have made such a selection, from whatever cause it had been induced. In a few minutes she made her bow, and retired. The Prioress told me that it had been the daily amusement of herself and her community to

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watch me as I passed the bridge on horseback; and that they had frequently expressed a hope that I might be induced to visit them. They appeared to be perfectly conversant with every thing which was passing in the city; and to take a great interest in the movements of the English troops. On my rising to depart, they requested me to wait for an instant at the gate, in order that they might embrace me, which seven of them did in succession: and the Prioress presented me with her blessing, and two saucers filled with marmalade. When we had mounted our horses in the Convent Square, she expressed her hope that we would pay her another visit shortly; which we, however, failed to do, being always in pursuit of a new object in our daily rides.

In the chapel of this convent hangs a painting on copper, evidently of great antiquity. It represents Our Lady of the Rock putting her shoulder to the wheel of a bullock-car, and actually heaving it out of an immense hole—the carman is on his knees at a short distance beyond, before an effigy of *Nossa Senhora*,

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to whom he is putting up a prayer for aid in his present dilemma, totally unconscious that she is, at that very moment, giving so forcible a demonstration of the efficacy of his petition.

We became acquainted in the neighbourhood of this city with a most delightful family:—that of the Marquis *Baratti*. The only son was a student at the University: the *Marqueza* was a mild, gentle woman, wholly devoted to her children; the *Marqueze* a silent and studious character; the four daughters were, for Portuguese women, very accomplished: they could both read and write, had a slight knowledge of the French language, and worked beautifully. They were all equally amiable, and the youngest, *Donna Carlota*, was extremely pretty and interesting. They expressed great regret that they could not receive us into their *Quinta*, owing to its unfinished state; they were, in fact, living in one wing of the building, while the workmen were still employed on the other. The house promised, when completed, to be a very fine one; and was called *Boa Vista* (Belle Vue); and never was a name more applicable, for the

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prospect from their terrace was beyond description beautiful. A smiling valley, gay with orange groves, fields of Indian corn and lupins, patches of green barley, *Quinta* gardens, with the white and dazzling houses peeping through the lemon and almond trees; and winding along through this fairy scene like a silver serpent, glided the beautiful Mondego, with many a graceful curve, giving added life and softness to the landscape; dark and sterile rocks in the distance; and the proud city, with its thousand bells pealing over the valley, and forming a strange contrast from the placid and tranquil scene around it!

I look back with a melancholy feeling to our friendship with this amiable, united, and warm-hearted family—for I remember also that the only son of this kind mother—the only brother of these affectionate and gentle sisters, was one of the unhappy students who perished so miserably at Coimbra.

During the period of our intimacy, one of these young ladies took the veil at the Convent of *Sant' Anna.* Her determination was a source of deep grief to all her family, but no-

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thing would shake her resolution; arguments, entreaties, and even threats, proved alike abortive, and she left the sunny home of her girlhood, and the fostering care of her mother, almost without a tear. I was very anxious to witness the ceremony of her profession, but was informed that I could only do so by submitting to be beaten with rods by the whole community before I left the chapel! This I declined with all due humility, and consequently did not accompany my friends, who appeared to be almost heart-broken at the self-sacrifice of the infatuated *Donna Hortensia*. I, however, subsequently regretted that I had been so easily frightened, as I found that the flagellation at *Sant' Anna* was in fact no whit more apalling than the excommunication at Batalha; and certainly not to be put into competition with the gratification of my curiosity. The Convent of *Santa Anna*, a dingy, tasteless, square building of great extent, looking like some vast manufactory, and containing ninety-three nuns, overlooks the Botanical Gardens, as does also that of *Santa Marié:* no inconsiderable relaxation for their several communities, one

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would imagine, when it is remembered that these gardens are the perpetual haunt of the students, whither they repair, some to study, and some to idle, from sun-rise to sun-set; and a lounge for all the inhabitants of the city.

The land, and the magnificent iron railing and gates, which enclose these very extensive gardens, were a donation to the city from the celebrated Marquis of Pombal; and it is a fact that for three years not an effort was made towards cultivating, or even laying them out; and that, in 1827, they were still merely in progress.

In this city we were introduced to a young officer of the Portuguese navy, whose name, for obvious reasons, I suppress; who had been confined during two years in the prisons of the Inquisition. He spoke English like a native, had been educated at Oxford, and was at heart a Protestant; although, as he told us, he dared not suffer the latter fact to be even suspected. The cause of his imprisonment he detailed to us. On his return to Portugal, after the completion of his studies, he brought with him a number of

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English books, among others a Prayer-book and Testament, an English edition of Marmontel's Tales, and *Paine's Age of Reason.* The last-named work, immediately on his arrival at Coimbra, he lent to a student who was his intimate friend, on his solemnly promising that he would not suffer it to be seen by any one.

He had scarcely taken possession of his lodgings, when two familiars of the Inquisition entered his apartments, which they ransacked, and whence they carried away every book and scrap of written paper upon which they could lay their hands. Within a couple of hours he was summoned before the Inquisitor, narrowly interrogated, and his library burnt before his eyes. He was mentally congratulating himself on his good fortune in escaping so easily from the grasp of the "Holy Office," when his friend the student, hearing of his arrest, was seized with a panic, and, in the excitation of the moment, rushed in, and delivered up the *Age of Reason!* The result may be anticipated. The wretched young man was thrown into a dungeon, and suffered all the horrors of incarceration for two long years;

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nor was the fact of his imprisonment—his separation from his fellow men—the prostration and thrall of his physical and mental strength—the worst evil of this long confinement. He may be said to have tasted of the bitterness of death from day to day; for he knew too well that for crimes of far less magnitude than the possession of that fatal work, many hapless wretches had passed away from those very dungeons; and there were none who could "prate of their whereabout."—Each time, then, that he fixed his straining eyes upon the waning light of evening as it faded from his cell, he knew not that he might ever look upon that light again! The morrow might never rise for him! His brow and lips became actually blanched as he told us the tale: "And see!" he concluded, as he rose from his seat and took two or three hurried steps across the floor, "I will shew you what it is to live in a *Christian* country!—Twice a week I was brought up to the 'question'—my breast bared, and forced against a grating, heated until it had become red-hot, to compel me to confess sins of which I had never been guilty—'till then I had been comparatively

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innocent, for, in my own happiness, I had loved all around me—*they* first taught me the luxury of *hate*—and I hated bitterly—curses "deep not loud" did I shower upon their heads—the brand of their malignity is seared into my flesh—I shall carry the bitter and degrading scars to my grave!"

In the emotion of the moment he tore open his shirt, and showed to us the deeply indented marks of the grating, which had seamed his flesh in a fearful manner. I never remember his look of indignant anguish without a shudder!

Had the unfortunate young man presented the *Age of Reason* to the library of the University, it is probable that it would never even have been looked at; and might have slept on the same shelf, and side by side, with Voltaire's *Exposition of the Bible.*

The environs of Coimbra are romantic and beautiful to a degree! I look back to my sojourn in its neighbourhood as to the most sunny portion of my past existence. The country was so lovely, the inhabitants so courteous, the sky so brightly blue, that there were times when I could almost

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have doubted that sickness or sorrow existed in the world! Then there were *Quintas* and convents to visit, where I was always welcome — rocks, and woods, mountains and valleys to explore, where I was always delighted — and a hardy peasantry, amusing and amused, whose happy ignorance often made me smile, as they marvelled how the *menina** would be able to exist, when she left their fine country to return to a land where there was neither sun nor oranges! With the *lavadeiras* † of the Mondego I was delighted! and often did I stroll down to the river-bank, and join one of the groupes assembled round the large smooth stones, which rose white and dazzling far into the stream; the women with their small wooden bats in their hands, striking quickly, and singing gaily, as the river-tide washed over the linen which they placed upon those stones to be beaten:—it must however be confessed that all English apparel was honored with heavier blows than their own; indeed, to judge from our individual experience, the strokes must at times have fallen both "fast and furious;" for we found the system

* Young lady. † Washerwomen.

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infinitely more picturesque than profitable. The scene, nevertheless, was one for a painter — the dark eyes, the white arms, and the finely moulded figures of many of these women, as they stood, or bent, in graceful attidudes over the mimic river-rocks — the constant succession of female water-carriers balancing on their heads the classically formed *panellas*—with the occasional addition of a passing muleteer, or peasant, presented groupes which would have inspired the pencil of a Claude : merrily meanwhile rang their gay songs or cheerful laughter on the clear air, and the *coup d'œil* was altogether animated beyond description. There was one cluster of cottages close to the water's edge to which I often directed my steps : it was a humble but a happy community : the sound of the washing-bats made ceaseless music—the vicinity of the city secured incessant occupation —the fine air, the clear sky, and the bright river almost insured health,—while, as to happiness— I scarcely ever rambled to that little washing-hamlet when I did not hear a guitar or a merry voice coming towards me on the wind !

After all, what are our wants ? mere factitious

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creations — enervating extravagancies — enemies which we ourselves raise up to smite us. These humble peasants feasted on a *sardinha*, an onion, and a slice of Indian corn bread; and when the labour of the day was over, they spread their mats in the open air, and slept through the long sweet night at the portal of their cottages—they had no fear of thieves, for they possessed not wherewithal to tempt the cupidity of the unprincipled—they had no dread of death, for no consciousness of evil pressed like an incubus upon their hearts: they went to work with the rising-sun, and, at its set, the dance and the song wound up the day. For all dissipation, a walk to the city and a lounge in the *Roscio* sufficed; while a frequent visit to the confessional of a neighbouring church, and a frequent attendance at its mass, kept their minds ever rightly balanced.

Will it be thought that I am painting a modern Eutopia? I only know that I am sketching from the life.

We one day wandered into a church, in which we for some time discovered little or nothing to repay us for our visit; but at length we stopped

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before the votive offering of some more pious, than classical, follower of Our Lady, which was so extremely ludicrous that we universally laughed outright. I shall never forget it! A very large figure of *Nossa Senhora*, in wax, was represented seated, in the act of receiving the adoration of her votary: she wore a hoop and petticoat of tarnished embroidery, a fly cap and lappets, high-heeled shoes, and black silk mittens—in one hand she wielded a fan, and in the other a boûquet of faded flowers—the *Senhor* was on his knees in a bag-wig and buckles! An embodyment of King Arthur in Tom Thumb!

Even as we stood idly commenting on the absurdity of this production, my ear caught the measured sound of a spade, and the immediate fall of light earth on the pavement of the chapel: I walked a few paces further down the aisle—the grave-digger was preparing the last resting-place of some departed brother. I know not what was the feeling of my companions, but I was rebuked at once for my ill-timed levity—I had for a while forgotten *where* I presumed to play the critic and the jester, but the conviction was instantaneously

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forced upon me—I stood but one moment beside the labourer of the charnel-house: I saw but one spadeful of the black, rich, human-looking earth cast out of the grave; for I became immediately conscious that it had been but a brief while tenanted. The next load which freighted the busy spade was not *all* earth—it was not the scent of earth which fell so sickeningly upon my senses—my head swam, and the next moment I was gasping for breath in the open air.

It was a most humiliating incident—there is something so repugnant, so abasing, in the idea of the loathsomeness of the grave—the contact with corruption! Self-idolaters as we are, how little can we brook such collision! I felt as though my very soul was faint———

On our way from the chapel, we turned aside to avoid an encounter with the corpse for which this revolting grave had been hurriedly prepared —I shuddered as I remembered that it would be laid there shroudless—coffinless—but I will not pursue the subject.

The chapel of *Santa Crux*,* attached to the

* The Holy Cross.

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monastery of that name, opens into the small square at Coimbra, and possesses a pulpit of extraordinary beauty. It is formed of a solid block of alabaster, is of an octagon shape, and most exquisitely chiselled, each compartment representing one of the miracles of Our Saviour. The organ is particularly fine in tone, but the chapel is much less ornamented than is usual in Portugal.

I had heard marvels of the interior of the monastery, and was extremely anxious to obtain admittance which I was told was utterly impossible; the only female who had ever succeeded, having gone thither in male attire, when she had even penetrated into the sanctuary; this was an expedient to which, under any circumstances, I could not bring myself to resort: but short of *that*, I thought I would do any thing to achieve an "impossibility." Accompanied by a friend, I accordingly presented myself one morning at the entrance of the gardens, but was stopped by a Portuguese sentinel who assumed a very formidable attitude, and seemed half inclined to prove his military prowess upon me. I was not, how-

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ever, to be frightened by a pair of mustaches and a fixed bayonet, I knew what the French designate *le dessous du metier;* and I quietly represented to him the impossibility of my endangering the safety of the citadel of which he was so vigilant a guardian. He was obdurate, and looked so *alarming*, that I verily believe he must have been a recruit, burning to prove his "unfleshed" bayonet, and perform his maiden feat of valour: if it indeed were so, my careless and somewhat contemptuous laughter must have considerably ruffled the plumes of his incipient bravery.

I was still expostulating, when the *sentinella* turned to salute an officer, who approached, and enquired if he could be of any service to me? I immediately mentioned my wish to see the gardens, and, if possible, the monastery of *Santa Crux;* upon which he very politely took off his hat, requested me to do him the honour of accepting his arm, and bowing to the gentleman who accompanied me, escorted us through the gates. This done, he gaily advised me to enter every door which I found open, without waiting for a permission, which must, as a matter of course,

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be denied, and wishing us as much gratification as we had afforded to himself, he left us.

We subsequently learnt from the sentinel, who, on our return to his post, was super-eminently civil, that our new acquaintance was General Pinto, the Governor of Coimbra.

The gardens of *Santa Crux* are very extensive, and evidently kept with great care. There is a curious building near the centre walk, containing a representation of Our Saviour in the act of embracing a former Prior of the Order, and presenting to him a fragment of the Cross. At the extremity of the grounds is a beautiful sheet of water enclosed by yew hedges of great height, and abounding in fish. Beyond this there is nothing remarkable in the gardens of *Santa Crux:* terrace rises above terrace; and olive groves and orangeries are mingled with vineyards and fields of Indian corn. On the whole, I was excessively disappointed.

The monastery is very large; the galleries extremely wide and lofty, and lighted by superb windows, many of them of finely-stained glass, with frames of carved oak; the cells opening on either side with true monastic precision.

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We encountered one solitary monk on our way towards the refectory, who passed us with a very rapid step, as though he sought to avoid our contact; but we ultimately found that such was not his purpose; for in about five minutes there was not a member of the community, with the exception of the Prior, who did not make his appearance in the gallery, save indeed one of the brotherhood, who was confined to his cell by indisposition, and to whom we very unintentionally paid a visit; for, seeing the door of his cell ajar, we pushed it open and entered. He was somewhat astonished when he saw us, but appeared more pleased than surprised. He did not offer us seats, as the room contained only the chair which he himself occupied, and a low stool; but he chatted and laughed very sociably with us until we left him. He was enormously stout, and appeared to be surrounded by every comfort of which he could stand in need. His cell was beautifully clean, the walls nearly covered with red and yellow ochre representations of sundry very ill-looking saints, and adorned with a little

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figure of *Nossa Senhora*, in a flounced petticoat, mounted on a bracket.

I regret to say that I failed in obtaining a sight of the sanctuary, which, I was informed, contained some very costly paintings.

On emerging from the cell of the invalid, we again encountered the community, who all very politely took off their little tufted caps, and sauted us.

On the whole, I was as much disappointed in the Monastery as in the gardens; and the greatest amusement which I derived from the visit was the intelligence that the Prior, after having satisfied his own curiosity as well as mine, had ordered a solemn High Mass, and a procession throughout the building, in which a vast quantity of incense and holy water were expended, to cleanse it from the pollution of my presence! I had consequently the merit of furnishing the pious community with amusement for a day—no inconsiderable boon, when the monotony of their ordinary existence is considered.

On the alleged anniversary of the Martyr-

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dom of Saint Sebastian, I received an invitation from the *Marqueza Baratti* to accompany her family to witness the procession, which was to be very magnificent. I at once agreed to join the party, and it was arranged that I should occupy a seat in her carriage.

On the arrival of the ladies it chanced, however, that, fortunately for me, I was suffering a martyrdom from headache, only inferior to that of Saint Sebastian himself, and was quite unable to venture on such an expedition. I say *fortunately*, for I shall never forget the equipage and its accompaniments! A family coach, sufficiently commodious to contain eight persons very comfortably, the body bright green, and the wheels red, drawn by two oxen! a peasant, in his working dress, walking beside the carriage, with a goad in his hand; and five ladies seated inside in full costume, with flowers in their hair, looking up to my window with smiling faces, to summon me to the vacant place — never was such an escape! I rejoiced doubly in my good fortune, when I learnt from some friends, who were present at the procession, that the

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exhibition was one only calculated to excite disgust.

I one day received an invitation from a gentleman in this neighbourhood to pay him a visit at his *Quinta*, which was situated at three short leagues from the city. I went, accompanied by a friend, and we found the son of the *Senhor*, waiting to welcome us, at the entrance of the hamlet,

The house itself was very large, very gloomy, and very like a jail. Four ladies were standing *en grand costume* in a balcony, awaiting our arrival, and on seeing us they uttered a host of *Vivas*, and waved their handkerchiefs; but, nevertheless, when we reached the drawing-room, we found it untenanted, and discovered some time afterwards from our host that they were afraid of us.

In about a quarter of an hour the *Senhora* ventured to enter the room, and after sitting a few minutes, and finding us perfectly innoxious, she held a hurried conversation with her daughters, who were peeping at us from the passage, and ultimately prevailed on them to make their appearance.

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As soon as they felt at ease with us, they ordered in an excellent luncheon, of which they pressed us most hospitably to partake; and the young ladies then began to exhibit their accomplishments. There was an old grand piano, by Broadwood, in the room — I should think his *coup d'essai*, both by its antiquity and its quality; on this unhappy instrument the young ladies successively massacred some pretty Portuguese airs, and God save the King, with exquisite self-satisfaction; and, what was infinitely worse, they compelled me to follow their example. They also displayed to us an English flute, an invalided violin, a violincello whose groans responded most sympathetically to the shrieks of the piano, and a flageolet; on each of these instruments some member of the family performed,—I am sure that Hertz or Paganini would have died of it! Lastly, a guitar was produced, on which the son accompanied himself in several songs, which he sung very sweetly. The young ladies, however, expressed an utter contempt for the guitar, and professed the greatest reverence for their libel on Broadwood!

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At the termination of this concert, *par excellence*, we were conducted over the gardens, which were of great extent, but devoid of every thing like taste or arrangement. The variety of roses was extemely curious, but so wretchedly grouped as to lose very much of their effect. Their grapes were magnificent; and the vines, which is very unusual in Portugal, hung in festoons from tree to tree in the almond and pomegranate orchard.

On taking leave of this family, the *Senhora* with much ceremony put into the hands of our groom a parting present for me, which, on inspection, proved to be a box of sweet sausages—a sort of almond paste strongly impregnated with *fleur d'orange*, and tied up in skins, gaily ornamented with cut paper and artificial flowers.

In Belem I received a present still more extraordinary, from one of the ladies of the court. This also was a box, covered with furniture paper of the coarsest description; and filled with extremely fine lace-thread, twisted into a variety of devices, the centre one being a squirrel with bead eyes; all this thread was so carefully arranged that, when you had once secured the end, the whole might be

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wound off. It was profusely ornamented with artificial flowers, and small serpents! One of the canons of the Leiria Cathedral also presented me with a *charm*, by virtue of which, while I wore it about my person, I was to be preserved from all bodily suffering—this "charm," is a yard of white satin ribbon deeply fringed with gold, and adorned with a small coloured print of *Nossa Senhora da Nazaré*, in the act of performing a miracle. I have never yet been tempted to make trial of her healing properties—I feel that I "want faith;" and I believe it is generally understood that there is no cure for sceptics.

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THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

A MEMORY OF THE MONDEGO.

"THERE is no star in the summer skies
So bright as Luzia's sparkling eyes:
There is no sound on the summer air
With Luzia's accents can compare;
And little Luzia is my own,
Filha do meu coraçaõ! *

Beneath a flow'ring citron's shade,
For love's low whispers deftly made,
Where the Mondego rolls its tide,
She promised she would be my bride;
And vowed that she was mine alone,
Filha do meu coraçaõ!

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*Girl of my heart.

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Where the pomegranate blossoms glow,
Where the sweet river-ripples flow,
Where the first smiles of sunshine rest,
There shall she dwell whom I love best;
Would that this hour she were mine own,
Filha do meu coraçaõ!"

"LAY by your guitar, *Firmino;*" said a laughing voice; "it sounds to-night as shrilly as the cry of the *cigarra:** and your song, too, is somewhat stale—I expect every day, as I pass up the hamlet, to hear the painted *papagaio*, † that the son of old Baptista brought home to her from those foreign lands where he dwelt so long, cry out "*Luzia*" — nay, he is a stupid bird that he does it not, when he has had such constant teaching."

"He could scarce learn a prettier lesson; and yet I think I could find it in my heart to wring his gaudy neck, if he dared to venture it;" replied the lover, as he hung up his guitar to a nail in the cottage wall; "and now tell me at once, *minha querida*, how long am I to be the *solteiro* ‡ *Firmino*—I am heartily sick of it."

* Grasshopper. † Parrot. ‡ Bachelor.

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"Doubtless the *meninas* weary you by their courtesies;" was the gay reply; "but you know what I have told you for the last week."

"Nay, that is idle, *Luzia;*" said the young soldier: "I have been too short a time in the regiment — I have no more chance of being made a serjeant, than—"

"Than you have of marrying *Luzia* until you are one;" interrupted the girl: "so now, *Senhor Firmino, desembainhar a espada,** and turn hero at once!"

"We may not marry for years, if this whim holds;" urged the lover.

"*Sim! sim!*" said the girl gaily: "never yet did two people resolve on a silly scheme, but they were helped forward in it—never fear, *Firmino.*"

"I cannot conceive how this wild thought ever entered your quiet little head, *Luzia*—"

"There it is, however, and there it is likely to remain."

"But, *Luzia*"—

"Well, *Firmino*—"

* Unsheath the sword.

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"*Dear Luzia*"—

"Well, *dear Firmino*—"

"Why, I believe by the Saints, that you are laughing at me!" exclaimed the handsome young soldier, as he detected a lurking smile upon the lips which he had just pressed to his own: "you are saying this to try me."

"No—I am quite serious."

"*Pois, ainda teimais?* *—then I will bribe Father *Jaô* to inflict such a penance after your next confession"—

"That I shall not need a husband to bring me to repentance;" said the merry maiden. "Well, well, I trust myself to the good Father's mercy, and defy all your malice—but, really, *Firmino*, it is time you were a serjeant."

"Pshaw!"

"Nay, if you despise the prospect"—

"I never trouble myself about the man in the moon."

"Or any other man?" asked *Luzia*, archly.

"No, *Luzia*—you shake your head—but on my soul I do not."—

"Not even the *Senhor Capitaô*, who walked

* What, are you obstinate still?

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over from the city last week to visit my mother?"

"No, not even him—though I *do* wish that he had not a fancy for visiting a *velha** of *this* hamlet."

"You are jealous, *Firmino*"—

"I might be pardoned if I were;" said the young corporal; "but I have promised, and I will keep my word; nothing shall make me jealous of *you* again, *Luzia*."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

"An excellent resolution;" said his merry mistress; "only—you will not keep it."

"On my honour"—

"Make no vows—you will be furious before to-morrow—now, within half an hour."

"*Naõ posso crê-lo*"—†

"We shall see;" said the girl, quietly, as she walked to the upper end of the kitchen, and opened the door which led into the little parlour of the cottage. "We shall see:" she repeated gaily, as she heard the footstep of *Firmino* close

* Old woman. † I do'nt believe it.

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behind her; "you must not come here, *Senhor Cabo de esquadra.*" *

"And why, *Luzia?*"

"Because you made your resolution in the kitchen, and you will leave it there."

"I will be bribed to carry it with me to the *aposento*—† come, one kiss"—

"Not before my very eyes, unless you allow me to steal its duplicate;" said a clear manly voice from within the parlour, and the astonished corporal raised his eyes to meet those of his captain. In a moment his hand was upon the hilt of his sword, and his brow was crimson. *Luzia* sprang forward, and placed her hand upon his lips.

"You did not expect to see me here, *Serjeant;*" said the Officer, calmly, while *Firmino* struggled to free his lips from the hand of his mistress; "but I promised the mother of this good girl to do my errand myself."

"The *Senhor* is very considerate;" broke in *Firmino*, in a calm tone of concentrated passion; "I will not be in his way, or in that of his

* Corporal. † Sitting-room.

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mistress"——and he turned to leave the cottage.

"Firmino, dear *Firmino*, where is the resolution?" asked *Luzia*, as she clung to his arm to detain him.

"*Naô me toqueis;** cried the youth, as he flung off her hand: "I am at last awake! Fool that I have been, and dupe—but *now* I know you—now I know myself—now I know—" and he turned fiercely upon his Officer; but a shriek from *Luzia* arrested the words which would have followed.

"Listen to me, madman;" said the same voice which had elicited this burst of passion; "and do not throw from you, by any blind violence, the good fortune which is about to happen to you—through the intercession of this girl's mother, I have been induced to give you a step of rank—you are now a serjeant."

"And the bribe"—said *Firmino*, bitterly, as he turned towards his mistress; "was, I suppose, *Senhor*, the old woman's daughter — I would sooner perish than accept the boon."

* Do not touch me.

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"Fool!" exclaimed his Officer: "think you that I seek to rob you of your pretty *Luzia*, and to make you so poor a return? Fye upon it, *Firmino!* you will soon quarrel with your own shadow — heard you never that the brother of this *menina* saved the life of a young *Fidalgo*, who was near drowned in the Tagus, by the upsetting of a boat? Pedro died, and my gratitude could no longer avail him—I transferred it to his mother and to his sister; but our coy little beauty, until this week, would never receive a favour at my hands—only this week *Luzia* relented: she asked promotion for a meritorious and deserving young soldier; and her request was but an echo of my own intention. *Serjeant Firmino*, I wish you happiness with your pretty bride, and better faith in her affection."

"*Senhor Capitaõ!*" gasped out the astonished young soldier—"*Luzia!*"

In a moment the lovely little *lavadéira* was in the arms of her lover: and they were alone.

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"Heyday, *Marianna!*" said I to a good humoured garrulous old woman, whom I met about midway between the city and the river; "you are all so gaily dressed out to-day, that one would think there were a wedding in the hamlet—I have met at least a dozen of the villagers in their *vestidos de Festa*, and I know not how many soldiers from Coimbra, all passing towards the river, with faces as sunny as this summer sky—what is all this?"

"The *Senhora* has guessed rightly;" said the *comadre*. "We *have* a wedding to-day in the village—the pretty *Luzia*, the gayest and the kindest *menina* of the *lugar do rio** has been married this morning, and (*Nossa Senhora* be praised!) a grand match she has made."

"Indeed! and who is the *homem casado?*" †

"No less, *minha Senhora;*" said the old woman, with a slight toss of the head, which proved that the good fortune of little *Luzia* had shed its reflected importance over the whole hamlet: "no less than a *Senhor Sarjento* of the Coimbra regiment—six feet high, and with the most charming eyes."

* River hamlet. † Bridegroom.

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"And why are you running away from the festivities, my good friend?" I asked. "You are the first individual whom I have met travelling city-ward."

"I was on my way to the *Senhora*, from the bride;" was the reply, as the good-humoured *lavadeira* lifted the clean white cloth which covered the contents of a small basket that she carried in her hand, and displayed them: "this dish contains *arros doce*,* and the one beside it is *bobrom com ovos*.† — *Luzia* remembered that the *Senhora tenhada muito gosto d'esta cousa*.‡"

"I am obliged alike to her and to you, *Marianna;* but I will send a servant for these bridal presents—you shall not leave the village on any errand to me—come, we will walk on together: and, tell me, is the *Senhor Sarjento* likely to make our pretty *Luzia* a good husband, for you know she is a great favourite?"

"Oh! he is *parfaito*—so gay, so complaisant! and so brave!"

"Among the *lavadeiras*, *Marianna?*"

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* Sweet rice. † Egged pumpkin.
‡ Was very fond of this.

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"*Olá!* the *Senhora* is jesting as usual—but all the village love *Firmino*—"

"Oh! then *Firmino* is the bridegroom—I began to fear that *Luzia* had played him false, when you talked to me of a serjeant! My friend *Firmino* has had a stroke of good fortune, I suppose—"

"*Maravilha!* would you believe it, *minha Senhora*, that the *Senhor Capitaõ* of *Firmino's* company proves to be the very young man whom the brother of *Luzia* (who was a boatman on the Tagus) saved, when his boat was upset by a squall—he has always been kind to my *comadre Josépha;* and when he found that *Firmino* was the lover of *Luzia*, he made him a serjeant, for the sake of poor Pedro, who is dead and gone, (the saints have mercy upon his soul!) and so all this has come to pass."

"I hear music:" said I, as we rose an ascent beyond the olive grove, through which we had passed from the corn and lupin fields: "*que he isto?*"

"Ha! that is *Fernando*, I would wager my washing bat—tread softly as you descend into the

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hamlet—here, pass this way, and stand behind the pomegranate tree, and you will hear the song."

Now *Fernando* was also an acquaintance of mine: a rustic Improvvisatore, and I determined at once to avail myself of the old woman's proposal; while she joined her companions, therefore, I remained quietly concealed by the dense foliage of the magnificent tree behind which I stood.

What a picture did I look upon! Far in the distance rose the blue hills which skirted the opposite bank of the Mondego: at their base swept along the bright river, shivering in the sun—the breeze sighed past me, freighted with the rich odour of the orange and almond trees, which fringed the margin of the stream—and all around rose the white cottages of the hamlet from among the groupes of luxuriant foliage which met the eye in every direction. Just before me, an open space of cool rich turf swept down to the river's edge, and here were the bridal party seated in a circle—immediately in front of me, I discovered *Firmino* and his pretty bride—the

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arm which was decorated with the symbol of his newly-acquired rank, was twined round the waist of *Luzia*, and his bright black curls rested almost on her cheek, as they looked up together, the one with a blush and the other with a smile, at the Improvvisatore *Fernando*, who was standing in the centre of the circle with his guitar slung round his neck by a broad ribbon of bright scarlet, while his girdle and gaiters of the same gay colour, fluttered in the breeze. One stanza of the song had been sung; and many a merry lip attested its favorable reception; many a sly glance, and hurried whisper, transferred its application to a fair neighbour, and many a young heart beat more quickly, as it caught the lover-like appropriation.

A few chords of the guitar were struck by way of symphony; and then *Fernando* raised his *sombrero* for a moment, and bent his head courteously towards the bride, as he recommenced his song:

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SONG OF THE IMPROVVISATORE.

Love! Love! Love! like yon sweet river tide,
In silence and in beauty does the gentle passion glide;
And as it flows 'mid groves and flowers, how beautiful it seems!
A thing to brighten all our days—to gladden all our dreams!

Love! Love! Love! like the pomegranate flow'r,
It yields both bloom and promise in the same soft summer hour:
We see its blossom glowing bright beneath the mid-day sun,
And we know that fruit will finish what that blossom has begun!

Love! Love! Love! like the cool fountain's flow,
When gaily in the morning light the sparkling waters glow:
We see the drops like diamonds in their brightness dancing past,
And we know that, mingling as they fall, they fondly blend at last!

Love! Love! Love! like the free wind which flies,
And wantons with its liberty beneath the azure skies;
Though for awhile the mountain brow its fresh'ning breath receives
It sighs itself to rest at last among the trembling leaves!

Fernando's audience were not critical, and many a rosy lip murmured a "Viva!" as the song ceased; while the very matrons, who re-

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membered the days of their own youth, ejaculated "*muito bene*,"* when he laid aside his guitar, and took his place in the circle.

"*Quem canta agora?*" † asked a black-eyed fairy, who was evidently an enemy to all unnecessary waste of time.

"*Luzia!*" answered twenty voices: and after a blush, and a pout, a whisper from *Firmino*, and a smiling reply in the same *sotto voce* style, the young bridegroom took up his twelve-stringed guitar, and, preluding for a moment in order to give his little bride time to recover her nerve, he struck into one of those wild plaintive airs so peculiar to the Peninsula.

SONG OF THE BRIDE.

The *Papagaio* ‡ is gay and bright:
And on each feather,
The red, the blue, the green, the white,
Are blent together.
I envy not the *passaro*; §
Would you know what I love?
'Tis not vain glitter—no, no, no,
I'd be a Dove!

---

* Very well. † Who sings now? ‡ Parrot. § Bird.

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The *Falcòá* * is a bird of might,
And *Donnas* love it;
See you yon pine-tree's tow'ring height?
He'd soar above it.
I envy not the *passaro;*
Would you know what I love?
'Tis not to wander—no, no, no,
I'd be a Dove!

The *Rouxinol* † sings to the moon;
Who does not listen
To the soft music of her tune,
When the stars glisten?
I envy not the *passaro;*
Would you know what I love?
Not to sing thus to *all*—no, no,
I'd be a Dove!

The *Rolá* ‡ breathes her tender lay,
Her heart's fond pleasure,
To one alone, by night and day;
(Love needs no leisure!)
And much I prize the *passaro;*
All other birds above—
Oh, yes! believe—'tis so, 'tis so,
I'd be a Dove!

"None must sing after the bride!" cried *Fernando* with intuitive gallantry, as the blushing

* Falcon. † Nightingale. ‡ Ring-Dove.

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Luzia ceased her plantive little *modena* — *Oravamos, meninas,** a waltz! a waltz!"

In a moment, half a dozen ready hands were on their *guitarras*, and twice as many willing arms were twined around the waists of their favourite *meninas*. Nor were the merry castanets wanting to this impromptu ball; they were skillfully struck by some of the less young and least volatile of the party. *Luzia* was the very impersonation of grace as she moved swiftly round the ring on the arm of *Firmino*—the happy *Firmino* —who scarcely seemed to feel the earth over which he moved; and *Fernando's* qualifications for winning hearts rested not solely on his improvvising talent—not a lighter foot than *his* spurned the rich turf that day—and I am bound to say *I fear*, as I know that all military men have a horror of marriages in the ranks, that the gratitude of the gallant Captain occasioned him no slight inconvenience; for the pretty little *lavadeiras* appeared to be by no means insensible to the gay attentions of the *soldados* who had

* Come, girls.

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the honour to be comrades of their old acquaintance *Firmino*. Smiles and blushes were the order of the day: and even I, who had been a mere unseen spectator of the village wedding, carried back a light heart to the city.

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MY LAST CHAPTER.

On our return towards Lisbon, after the evacuation of Coimbra by the British troops, we resided in a beautiful *Quinta* at Sacavem, a village distant about ten miles from the capital. We had a very fine suite of rooms, though the windows were most of them broken, and the whole house in a sad state of neglect. The *Quinta* was built upon a rock which overhung one of the streets of the village, and was the property of a *ci-devant* courtier, of whom the world had wearied, or who had wearied of the world, as he was then living

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the life of a recluse at a still more secluded place which he possessed on the other side of Lisbon. There was, as usual, a great paucity of furniture in the apartments; tables and chairs requiring the strength of a Hercules to transport them across the floor, and shutters which held all motion in contempt; literally rusted into their places. Our *salon* had been very finely painted; and was still, faded though the colours were, cheerful and amusing. I say amusing, for every tableau (the whole room being painted in oils on canvas, and fitted with frames into the several compartments) represented a different scene. On one we had a vintage, somewhat more Arcadian than the *Vindima* which we witnessed before we left the village—on another, a boating party, with all the necessary concomitants of hanging trees, smooth water, blue skies, and guitars. On a third a sporting scene—and throughout the apartment, it was evident that many of the heads were portraits. My own room was painted with figures the size of life, rather more classical in costume than accorded with our English ideas, each figure supporting a bracket, on which stood

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a superb alabaster vase for containing light; and from the centre of the roof hung a massy glass chandelier. Though I would (Vandal as I was!) have gladly exchanged all these gay appendages for a chest of drawers, they nevertheless served to diminish the dreariness of the large unfurnished apartment; which, moreover, opened upon a delightful orange-grove.

I used frequently, as I leant over the balcony to inhale the sweet breath of the orange-flowers, which came wafted like incense on the evening air, to lament the great scarcity of singing birds in Portugal. You stand there amid breeze and blossom, and you do not hear a note—indeed the only birds which I remember to have *seen*, that were at all remarkable, we encountered on a sort of common, along the new road made by Sir John Milley Doyle, between Alcoentra and Villa Franca; and those were mere birds of passage, natives of Gibraltar; they were particularly beautiful, gracefully formed, and of very bright plumage. When we had been some days at Sacavem, the Rector paid us a visit, and we invited him to dinner; he was a very pleasant,

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cheerful old man, and extremely partial to the English. When he sat down to table, he expressed his determination to eat of every thing that we did, and *as* we did: and it was amusing to see how he endeavored to like roast mutton and current jelly, and turkey and celery sauce, though he could not help saying that he thought we combined our dishes very strangely; but nevertheless, with a perseverance and determination worthy of a better cause, he persisted in tasting every thing which was placed before him—even to that mysterious compound, as it appears in the eyes of all foreigners, a plum pudding—and that peculiar object of Portuguese antipathy, bottled beer. So far do many individuals in that country carry their disgust of this beverage, that I have seen them rise and leave the table when it was produced: and Father Lawrence of Batalha, who had unshrinkingly looked on the blood shed by his own hand, used to turn as pale as a woman, and shudder like a sick child, whenever he saw it. Our civility to the good Rector was promptly returned: we received an invitation to dine at his house *à la Portugaise*,

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and we were not a little consternated on discovering that his servants had been cooking two whole days in expectation of our visit. Our astonishment at this fact vanished however at once, when we beheld the repast—it would have dined the whole regiment! It was perfect penance; and he talked himself fairly into a passion whenever we ventured to decline any thing which he offered: affirming that we could not like the dishes before us, or we should partake more freely of them, as he knew that the English ate more than any people in the world, when they approved of their fare. The good old gentleman, meanwhile, contradicted his theory by his practise, for he made a most marvellous meal! We were three weary hours at dinner. We had soup, and meat, and fish, and meat, and poultry, and fish again—the repast concluding at last, by the introduction of a kid roasted whole, and looking fearfully like a young child!

I do not think that I could ever have dined with a Portuguese afterwards!

Who has not read of a vintage? and who that has so read has not called up a mental pic-

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ture of "the trailing vines" gracefully festooning with their luxuriant foliage, and their luscious fruit, from tree to tree, or from trellice to trellice, forming avenues of richness? Who has not sketched a fairy scene where beauties congregate, and lovers fall into groupes well fitted to the pencil of the painter? Where the guitar and the castanet are busy with the echoes; and the merry dance mingles with the romantic labour of the vintager? Where oxen, wreathed with tendrils of the vine, lazily drag the richly laden car beneath the o'erhanging leaves, while song and laughter swell on the air together?

Alas! for the reality.

The wide vineyard stretched its dreary length along the whole extent of the hill behind the *Quinta*—the stunted vines, tightly attached to short poles, were barely two feet in height, and infinitely less attractive in appearance than a field of gooseberry bushes—the vintagers were there! the rabble of the province; many of them half naked, all of them filthy, and most of them ruffianly in appearance to the most extreme degree. And the women were worthy of their

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associates—disgusting, dirty, and drunken! The bullock-cars were there also: creaking and groaning as the huge beasts moved forward to escape the goad of their impatient driver. And this was a vintage!

Sacavem possessed a Convent of Female Trappists: the strictest order in the country; and I naturally felt a great curiosity to pay a visit to the community; and consequently requested the Rector to be kind enough to obtain permission for me to converse with the Nuns. He assured me that there would be great difficulty in doing this, as they were not allowed to speak even to their own relatives; one of the Community being appointed yearly to answer all enquiries at the grate; but he assured me that he would use his influence with the Confessor, whose acquiescence in my request might perhaps be the more readily obained that he would at the same time have an opportunity of gratifying his own curiosity.

In a few days the welcome intelligence arrived that the Holy Father had acceded to our wishes, and had appointed the following morning for our visit. When we entered the great square of the

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Convent, we discovered the monk seated on the steps of the chapel, pulling up one of his stockings! He was a remarkably tall man, and evidently vain of his person. He received us very graciously; and expressed great pleasure at this opportunity of convincing us of his desire to oblige, but said that he feared we should be much disappointed, as the Nuns were most of them very old, and he had no doubt very ugly also, though he had never seen any of them: he followed up this remark by observing that he thought all those who had voluntarily taken the vows of this Order were *star doudo*,* when there were plenty of Convents in Portugal where they might have eaten and drunk as much as they pleased, and have had good clothes upon their backs: but that it was their own affair, and they must now make the best of it! After this very pious harangue, he led the way to his apartment, which was extremely comfortable, and indeed possessed (for Portugal) many luxuries. Here he presented us with some most excellent wine, oranges, and dried grapes.

* Great Fools.

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The Nuns of this Order never, as he informed us, tasted any thing from the first day of their noviciate but fish and vegetables; sickness, even the most violent, producing no alteration in this respect; or indeed in any other; for even in the most desperate cases, all earthly assistance was forbidden, as tending to counteract the will of God. "If," said he "God has willed that they should die, they must—and if he has ordained that they should recover, they will." And in the spirit of this bigotted argument, all medical advice is held as a sin; and they consequently use no effort to alleviate suffering, or to remove disease.

They make the most delicate sweetmeats, which they are not permitted even to taste; and the most beautiful flowers which are manufactured in Portugal are the produce of their hours of recreation; the Royal Family are supplied from this Convent, and the High Altar of their own chapel affords no imperfect proof of their proficiency in this beautiful art. They are limited in their quantity of nourishment, bad, or rather poor as it is: and they are covered by a single

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garment, which is given to them on the day of their Profession, and is never replaced; this garment is of the coarsest serge, and they wear no linen beneath it. Like the Monks of *La Trappe*, they every day throw out a spadeful of earth from their graves, and sleep on a plank strown with ashes, on which they also die—but let it not be thought that any effort is made even "to smooth the bed of death"—in the last agonies, the plank is but overstrown the more thickly; and *nails*, and *flints* are added to the ashes by which it was previously covered—and thus they die—the garment, which had enwrapped them during life, forming their shroud!

The only door of admission into that portion of the building inhabited by the community is always kept locked, and the key is in the possession of the Confessor, *pro tempore*. These monks are of the order of Mendicant Friars, and are changed every month.

After we had been some time in the convent, the Confessor went into an inner apartment, and brought out a very beautiful bunch of artificial laurestinas, which he gave to me, telling me at

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the same time that the Nuns would probably offer me some flowers in the wheel, but that they would be of an inferior quality, as after the choicest had been sent off to the *Infantas*, the best which remained were given to him for the use of the chapel.

I should mention that this convent possessed no lands, nor revenues of any description; and was maintained entirely by the industry of the sisterhood: it was evident, nevertheless, that the holy guardian of their consciences did not suffer any of the pangs of poverty.

Having learnt all these particulars from the monk, we proceeded to look at his confessional; it was snugly carpeted, and contained a very comfortably-cushioned arm-chair, and a stove for charcoal. The grate, through which the voice of the penitent entered this apartment, I can compare to nothing which it more resembled than the bottom of a tin colander; the holes being pierced precisely in the same manner.

I remarked to the *Padre* that his situation must be almost a sinecure; as the pious inmates of such an establishment as this could have but very few,

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and very venial, sins to confess. He replied with great *sang froid* that he had never heard an entire confession since he had been at Sacavem, as he found the little to which he had listened so uninteresting and so ridiculous, that he always composed himself quietly for a nap, while the penitent recapitulated her transgressions, and he had become so accustomed to the thing, that he was sure to awake immediately that the murmuring of the voice ceased, just in time to award a penance, and give his blessing. Had the sisterhood been young and pretty, he said, he should have opened his ears, for their secrets might then have been worth listening to, but as the case stood, there was *no inducement!*

I do not hesitate to say, from what I saw of this man, that he was the greatest reprobate whom I met in the country.

From the confessional we went to the parlour, a miserable-looking, confined apartment with a brick floor; the grating perforated like that of the confessional, but rather more open; and guarded by long iron spikes. The monk, greatly to my satisfaction, did not enter the parlour with

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us; as, although he permitted the interview, if such a term be applicable to a meeting where the parties were not supposed to have even a glimpse of each other; he, nevertheless, could not countenance it by his presence.

The Prioress, who was already at the grate when we entered, welcomed us in a weak tremulous voice, which at once proclaimed great age: she expressed herself devotedly attached to the English; General Beresford having, during the Peninsular war, protected her convent from the French, and her community from dishonour. The enemy had retreated before the British forces, and as these crossed the bridge, she stood at the open gate of her convent at the head of her trembling flock; and as the troops drew near, herself and her nuns threw themselves on their knees, prepared for whatever severity their conquerors might inflict upon them. The gallant General at once advanced; and, probably from not speaking the language, drew his sword and laid it on the earth between them and himself: "And we were saved!" said the feeble voice in conclusion. "I never think of that day but I

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weep, and on every anniversary of our deliverance we put up most earnest prayers for the brave General, and his gallant countrymen."

She appeared to converse with us with painful self-upbraiding: repeatedly remarking that although their confessor had, with an indulgence of which herself and her community were unworthy, permitted them to have the happiness of receiving our visit, they must do heavy penance to free their souls of such a weight of worldly enjoyment. She then told us her own history; and I only wondered that she had lived to so great an age, with such a tale to tell! She was the daughter of the Marquis of *Tavora*, who was condemned as one of the conspirators against the life of Dom José I. Her father and mother each lost their right hand, and were subsequently beheaded —their whole family being collected round the scaffold; the unhappy narrator herself, then only four years of age, in the arms of a nurse—her brother, a youth of seventeen was compelled to dip his hands in the life-blood of his parents, and then shared their fate—of her young and lovely sisters I dare not speak—to have immolated them

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also, had been mercy—for herself they reserved a more lingering misery, and she was conveyed infant as she was, to this convent, where she had worne away *eighty* years of a miserable existence! I trust that, ere this, she sleeps calmly in her grave.

The sub-prioress was sister to the celebrated Marquis of Pombal, who, after his disgrace, came to hide her sorrows under this repelling and inhospitable roof.

The sisterhood had not encreased their numbers for twelve years, and they were really absolutely childish in their ideas. I endeavoured to persuade them to admit me into the interior of the convent; but they soon convinced me that this was impossible; the only mode of ingress being by the wheel, a sin too deadly to admit of a moment's thought. Sorely did they strive to induce me to take the veil, and remain with them; they used many arguments, and at length told me that if I would consent, there should be a *whole week's* festival in the convent; their ideas of worldly happiness had become so contracted that they conceived such an inducement to be irresistible.

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Their only enjoyment, and *that* I am ready to concede, must have been a great one, was their beautiful flower-garden, which they necessarily tended entirely themselves, and where they cultivated the most rare and valuable flowers, in order to serve as models for their work.

Before we left the convent, they put into the wheel several specimens of their art, together with some sweetmeats, which they pressed us to accept; and we, in return, presented to them half a dozen pounds of tea and sugar; having previously obtained permission of the confessor for them to accept our very useful, if not very sentimental, offering. Poor things! they were actually bewildered with delight—they had been but little accustomed to such luxuries.

In the course of our conversation I asked the Prioress if she would allow me to endeavour to obtain a sight of the apartment in which she was then standing? She told me in reply that she was so thoroughly convinced of the impossibility of my doing so, that I was at liberty to make the attempt. I accordingly knelt down, and fixed my eyes steadily on a particular point; for a time I could not distinguish any thing; but

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at length on being playfully urged by one of the community to tell them what I saw, I replied: "I see a *panella*." *

A voice softly articulated "*Ah, Jesus!*"

"And now I see a basket of oranges." There was a dead silence. "And now," I continued, delighted at my success, "I see one of the ladies."

"*Nada! nada!*" † said the sub-prioress.

"Pardon me, *minha Senhora*, it is you who have now spoken whom I see; your hands are crossed upon your breast, and you wear a white gown, edged with black."

Long before I had finished speaking, the nun disappeared. They all seemed perfectly overwhelmed on discovering that they *could* be seen from the parlour, and the sound of suppressed sobbing was distinctly perceptible. They implored of me to rise, and not to attempt looking at them again. I instantly complied with the wish; and in fact I had seen all which I desired to see. The gown was coarse enough for sacking, and must have been positively painful until the

* A stone jar for containing water. † No, no.

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wearer became accustomed to it; and the face of the sub-prioress, who was the individual of whom I had obtained a glimpse, for it was literally nothing more, was pale and haggard, and her hair perfectly gray: she was the very nun which fancy would frame—a personification of fast, and vigil, and penance.

How balmy seemed the breath of Heaven as I emerged from that gloomy pile! I felt that the sun and the trees had never looked so bright nor so green. I have often thought since of these misguided recluses, and pitied them from my very heart of hearts—they appeared to be so simple-minded, so humble, and so sincere.

The Confessor laughed when he joined us, to see that we had been weeping: and though I scorned him for the apathy which prompted the laugh, it was nevertheless welcome, for it changed the current of feeling; and, having thanked him for his politeness, I joyfully turned my back for ever on the convent of La Trappe.

While residing in this village we experienced a slight shock of earthquake. It was about two o'clock in the morning: it awoke us all, and

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it was impossible to mistake the sensation even for a moment. The chandelier in my sleeping room was swung sufficiently off its balance to make the glass drops clatter against each other, as if from a blow: and the low rumbling sound, which seemed rather in the brain than in the ear, betrayed at once its cause. We found, some days subsequently, that the concussion had been much more severe at Mafra, where three British Regiments were quartered in the monastery: the guard was turned out: the inhabitants rushed into the streets shrieking and praying; and the whole town was a scene of consternation and confusion. Fortunately however, alarm was the only result, as no accidents occurred; several of the lamps in the galleries and cloisters of the monastery were extinguished by the violence of the shock; and for some minutes, apprehensions were entertained of a second, which must inevitably have done very severe damage, from the long duration of the one which had already taken place.

A short time subsequent to this event, we had the gratifiation of seeing *Nossa Senhora* pass

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through the village in state, on her way to *Nazaré*. It was the annual procession of the Green-grocer's Company of Lisbon, and an extraordinary affair it was. First came a bullock-car laden with rockets, and attended by four men, who, as they approached any town or village, let off the rockets in profusion, with the most sovereign contempt of the daylight; then came a party of Portuguese Dragoons, followed by a state coach, all gold, flowers, and glass, drawn by mules; with a lamp burning inside, suspended from the roof; and containing a little figure of *Nossa Senhora*, with her hands fastened to the seat of the carriage to prevent her from being upset! Another party of Dragoons (I should think that altogether there must have been a troop), and finally a long train of *Cejas** filled with company, followed; the females dressed as if for an assembly, in satins and jewels, and the gentlemen equally gay. We counted thirty of these carriages.

Some time afterwards we were awoke in the night by what we at first imagined to be another earthquake, but soon discovered that it was

* Post-chaises.

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nothing more than a discharge of rockets to announce the arrival at Sacavem of Our Lady of the Green-grocer's Company, on her way back to Lisbon!

Pleasant Portugal! on these pages I have seemed, in some sort, to live over again the happy hours which I spent under your bright skies—among a people where I made many friends, and I love to think, left not a single enemy;—where, if I sighed one moment for my home, I smiled the next at the bright scene around me; and whence I derived memories on which I love to linger, as the heart ever clings to summer and to sunshine.

My simple tale is told; and again I seem to quit your smiling shores—again the swift vessel bears me o'er a swelling sea—palace and convent, grove and glade, gradually disappear—the hill-seated city fades upon my sight—I am again a

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wanderer on the waters—again I wave my adieu over the vessel's side, again I murmur out, as the tear rushes to my eye:

"————————she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn." *

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* Child Harold—Canto 4th.

THE END.

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